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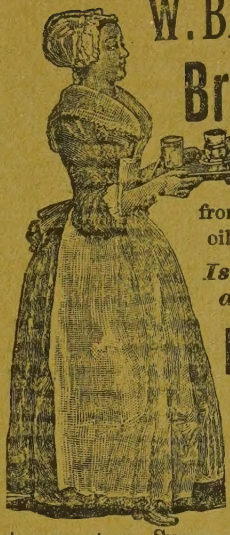

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THE KEEPER OF THE KEYS.

SERMON BY REV. CHARLES J. STAPLES, ST. CLOUD, MINN.

"I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven."—MATT. xvi. 19.

Bearing the keys has been from old time a symbol of invested authority. Crossed on a cushion, the keys have been borne in ceremonial processions and on state occasions before the civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries of the Old World. The pope regards them as the insignia of his high office. Many English bishops carry this device as coat-of-arms. In feudal times the king's key-bearer was a person of importance, and the presentation of the keys at a formal dedication of house or church or hall still forms an interesting feature of the ceremony. When in the downfall of feudalism the great commercial cities began to flourish and were often attacked by the royal forces, the surrender of the city keys was regarded as the visible acknowledgment of a foreign sovereignty. In several parts of the Bible the authority of the keys is noted. One curious passage of Isaiah (xxii. 22), is in point. "The key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder." It refers of course, symbolically, to the royal succession in Israel; but this, in early times at least, was indicated by actually placing one of the huge hinged keys, such as were then in use, upon the shoulder of him on whom the royal authority was conferred. In the Assyrian bas-reliefs you may see men figured bearing these heavy keys as a mark of office.

The more familiar passage in Isaiah, often, but erroneously as it seems to me, applied to Christ,—"Unto us a child is born, and the government shall be upon his shoulder,"—is clearly an allusion to the same custom. Again the housewife's keys have been held in modern times the peculiar badge and token of her power and dignity. In old English law the keys of the wife conveyed such legal rights and responsibilities that the wife was held to answer for her husband's theft, if the articles stolen were found under the keys of which she ought to have the custody and care.

From the too literal interpretation of the passage in the New Testament, from which the text is taken, is derived, as from a legal document, the absolute power claimed by the Roman Catholic Church in matters spiritual. They, the Roman Catholic clergy, believe themselves to hold charge by divine appointment, through Saint Peter, of the gate of heaven, so that none may enter without their allowance. This text is the charter of the Church. The Church, and the Church only, has power to bind and to loose, to open wide or shut fast. In her, and by her only, is God's pardon to be obtained, punishment inflicted, sins to be remitted, salvation assured. On this little sentence then, as it were on the point of an inverted pyramid, is built up the magnificent institution of Catholicism. Once grant the absolute validity of the premise, as something actually spoken by God to Saint Peter, and by him transferred to his successor, and all the rest follows. "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

We shall not attempt to-day to discuss the real meaning of this mooted passage nor its application to the Church which, according to tradition, Peter founded at Rome. Since we believe that the kingdom of heaven is within, and not outside a man; since we believe that heaven is not a place with gates that can be shut or opened, but a state of heart and conscience, the highest and hap-

piest and most perfect form of life; since we believe that no church composed of human beings can presume to decide finally as to any man's damnation or salvation,—we may thrust aside the usual controversies, and apply the thought in it to present life and character. Over every man's life, then, are set controlling powers, whether persons or abstractions, people or things, that have moved and are moving him, influencing him to action and thought. These hold the keys to his life. These are his controlling destinies. The power of some one idea has taken firm grasp on his life, or, possessed of some secret, an enemy ceaselessly turns and troubles him. Every man and woman is more or less willingly and more or less openly influenced. Even when free of other's domination,—and no one is or can be entirely free from the influence of his companions,—even then certain thoughts and principles sway and determine the conduct. No man acts without a motive, and, for the time, the motive has control of the man.

Would you know any child's history or read any grown man's life, the first question is, Who held the keys of it? Who were permitted access to and companionship with that child, that man? What were the powers that moulded and controlled his feeble beginnings, his wider course? Into what hands were given the keys, symbols of authority and empire? It was the beautiful fable of Roman religion that over every cradle presided peculiar genii, who shaped the young child's every act and moulded his destiny. It was the poetic belief of the common people not many centuries ago that fairies attended the wants of every human creature's advent, bestowed various gifts of fortune and character. These were gropings after real fact. Do you ask for the essential formative influences of any baby's life? Go back to the mother. She holds the keys. She exercises the first and paramount authority. Into her hands, first of all, is given the power to mould and make that little life. She may lead him to the doors of hell or heaven, corrupt and poison, almost ruin, the whole after existence of the being whose first guide and guardian she is, or determine the foundations of future virtue, nobility, and greatness. Awful but blessed responsibility! How it may nerve the weak and timid, embolden the widow with her orphan little ones, change in a day the indolent dawdler into a strenuous worker, and the careless luxury-lover into a prudent economizer! When the mother feels to the very bottom of her soul how in her hands lies the moulding of her baby's destiny, no act or word is unimportant. Her boy holds henceforth the key of life, as she doth his. "A kiss from my mother," said Benjamin West, "made me a painter."

While one may over-exaggerate this influence of the parent upon the child, one cannot think too earnestly or deeply of it. There is too little consideration of this fateful office, too much absorption in self-satisfactions, careless of this divinely given trust. Is it true that, while you wouldn't trust the key of your best china-cupboard out of your sight an instant, you are criminally careless with the precious key of your child's life, that once lost cannot be so easily recovered? Is it true, O father, that, while you guard the key of your strong box with jealous suspicion, you take no pains to keep that key of your girl's heart which God Almighty gave you in charge? Now the child is trustful, innocent, unwary. The keys of her life hang outside the door. You may have them for the taking. She heeds not. Every smiling face is to her the face of one of God's messengers. Every new acquaintance will be offered the precious keys that unlock the heart and control the nascent mind and the expanding will.

When I see children given up to the guidance of nurse-maids, kitchen-maids, grocery boys, street companions, there's a great ache in my heart, as I ask, Where are the true and divinely commissioned keepers of the keys? What is the mother doing? What is the father about? We cannot ask moral perfection in nurses or intellectual keenness in common domestics; but, surely, the thing ought to be thought of. Will the influence of this proposed new member of the household be wholesome and sound in the by and large? Can it not be taken into account?

I do not know that any one has noticed as it deserves the curious fact that in every little boy's life, so far as I know, there comes a time when he is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of the hired man and the kitchen-girl. You will find indeed a touching little bit of realism in this line among

James Whitcomb Riley's Hoosier poems which I cannot quote here. But it makes one tremble for the little lad. It is one of the natural accidents in every common life. Yet how full this sort of acquaintance is with the tremendous issues of good and ill, bane and blessing, pain immeasurable or strength unfathomable! To the honor of human nature, be it said that in the majority of instances this whole-souled trust of the child in the inmates of his father's dwelling is not abused. Mr. Hale has been giving, lately, a capital instance in the story of his boyhood, where he values at its true worth the silent influence of a man of all work who served in his father's family for many years, what is called a "handy" man, apt in all the little arts that boys love and their confidant, but not an educated or a brilliant or successful personage, a real prototype of Jonas in the Rollo books, if there is anybody here old-fashioned enough to remember Jonas.

Though a coarse man in some ways, Mr. Hale says he was punctiliously careful with his master's children. As an eminent Englishman said of a similar character in his boyhood, "He never said or did a thing in the absence of my mother of which she would have disapproved."

Speaking of the parents' paramount influence, I have named them the first keepers of the keys of life. But, while it is their deepest sin and disgrace to surrender this right to others, nevertheless they must submit to see others also possessed of keys that unlock the child's spiritual doors. This is as it should be. No one human love, however tender and true, was meant by God to be all in all to any one of his children. Let the mother keep, if she can, one golden passkey to the man's life. But there will be others, duplicates; and she will be wise if she cheerfully accedes to this. In all reverence, we need more than a mother's or a father's influence, however pure and holy. Trying to grasp all, the mother may lose all, and the boy wrest in anger the keys of his life away. Though in after life he would give much to take them back to her, he cannot. For God's boys and girls come with the years into possession of the keys of their own lives. None can dictate now as to companionship and choice. They have become as kings and queens in their own domain. They now give royal commissions and brevet orders for the appointment of their own key-keepers.

Most momentous, most highly charged with weal or woe is the companionship of marriage. How lightly and trivially do some, alas the majority of human beings, give to one another this power and mastery over life, its happiness, its moral issues, its future course and end! The words spoken in the marriage vow are of the smallest moment beside the infinite fact of daily influence between two human beings who take one another for better or worse. It is sure to be one or the other. Such close companionship means an incalculable reciprocal power. It is like nothing so much as the tremendous physical forces of attraction and repulsion that, astronomers tell us, ensphere neighboring or approaching worlds. If it be to a thoughtful observer terribly pathetic to see the blind, unthinking trust with which a woman sometimes surrenders the keys of her life into the hands of the man who has chosen her, is not the man's action quite as fateful, does he not show as great a trust? In how many ways does a wife have power over her husband's life! This relation is not exempt from the law that governs friendship, comradeship, and all other real relationships; namely, that character determines power and influence in the long run, and should do so. Yet, as I say this, I am reminded of the awful exactions and irritations of petty tyrants of either sex in the home. In the hands of the wife are the keys of her husband's honor, comfort, progress, affection, fidelity, everything in general but his business, and that sometimes. She may dig a pit for him; she may sear his conscience; she may stupefy his intelligence and blunt his ambition. She may make the surface of his soul sore with continual raspings or she may quicken his better nature, keep his affections pure, feed his high enthusiasms, soothe his petulance, and quiet his nerves. In the hands of the husband are the keys of his wife's honor, purity, happiness, development, mental and moral culture, everything in most cases but her taste and her housekeeping. He may wreck and ruin her soul in this world, or raise her to equal or higher heights by his admiration and love.

These relations of the parent and child,

the wife and husband, are most intimate of all that is earthly. Therefore, here are the master-keys of life; and from these relations we discover how largely we do not belong to ourselves, but to others. But the same power of influence is seen in a thousand different ways. The question of life seems to be, not whether I shall be influenced or uninfluenced, motived or unmotived, governed or ungoverned, controlled or uncontrolled; but what influence, what control, what motive, shall it be? I shun one influence only to come under power of another. I escape one control only to fall more blindly under another spell. The only independent man is Crusoe on his island, and even he was moved and controlled by the exigencies of his parrot and his crops. Where are you intrusting your keys? It comes back to that. Into the hands of somebody or something you *must* give the power of the keys. It is nothing arbitrary or artificial, but is necessary in the nature of things. Much of that free power you have as a child of God must be delegated to others. Like kings on the throne, we are compelled to trust subordinates; and, the wider the sway, the larger the army of servants who serve, and by their serving command us. We cannot see to all the small affairs personally. How much power will you give to A, B, and C? That is and remains your kingly prerogative. Never abdicate it on pain of your soul's damnation. Choose your counsellors, not as Edward II. his mean and cringing favorites, not as the Merovingians who sank under the rule of mayors of the palace, or as many a potentate of old who fell under the control of his jester, but as Elizabeth, of whom Green says these noble words: "The choice of her advisers showed Elizabeth's ability. She had a quick eye for merit of any sort and a wonderful power of enlisting its whole energy in her service. The sagacity which chose Cecil and Walsingham was just as unerring in the choice of the meanest of her agents. Her success in securing from the beginning of her reign to its end, with a single exception, precisely the right men for the work she set them to do, sprang in great measure from the noblest characteristic of her intellect."

Such unfailing wisdom in the choice of counsellors is indeed rare; and yet this, at least, is in reach of every man, that he shall not permit any unworthy person or passion to gain a tyrannical power over his life. Let him look to the faces and forces in whose keeping he puts the keys. When we see this man reeling home or hear of that one lashing an unoffending horse till he is thrown out of the wagon and his senseless head broken, who does not know that the keys of his life have long been in the keeping of the saloon and the dram-shop? He has sold himself cheap to the smallest of tyrants. Drink has taken away the keys one by one until he has little he can call his own. When another, like the poet Whittier in early youth, has given himself unresistingly to the service of a great and despised cause, and willingly permitted the suffering and the oppressed to gain such a transcendent power over his mind, heart, and conscience as to make him hold all other things as dross, such a man has chosen the better part which cannot be taken away from him. How often in our political history have men of native integrity, honest intentions, and real ability put themselves in the power of political tricksters and selfish office-seekers! They were under lock and key as surely as any slave; and how pitiable that slavery, let the biography of Webster and the story of Clay forever tell their countrymen. They were in the hands of their friends in a very low and literal sense; and their friends betrayed them, or shall we say, rather, their thirst for place and popularity.

The influence of great thinkers, the control and leadership of master-minds in morals and religion, the inspiration of pure art, the ideals of unselfish aspiration, the dominion of truth and hope and love, do not so enslave. They ennoble those who yield themselves servants to obey. These masters broaden the lives of those who submit to them. They energize and inspire and enlarge the soul. "The power which belongs to truly great minds and thoughts, far from enslaving, makes more and more free those on whom it is exercised." Base power enfeebles and narrows those whom it acts upon. You are measured by the sort of men and things that move and quicken your spirit. The one exalts, the other dethrones.

Not many weeks ago on the same day the papers were crowded with two records of the time. Side by side the columns ran.

The newspaper simply reflected the popular interest, and one of these great interests was in a disgusting and brutal prize-fight a thousand miles away. Every detail that the utmost curiosity could require was spread out for an eager public. Crowds, we were told, hung round the newspaper offices to learn of the result. Even greater crowds attended the exhibition, and shouted themselves hoarse in honor of victor and vanquished. Across the page, in shorter paragraphs,—O terrible contrast! O nearness of heaven and hell!—the simple manly story of one who fought bravely and sung bravely for liberty, for manhood, for God. Answer, O cowardly world, which had greatest authority over thee, the brutal prize-fighter or the gentle, Christ-like Whittier? Thou'rt judged this day in the court of the angels. Proud are you not of thy keeper of the keys of life? Look on the awful, pitiful picture of one who had dis graced God's image in the outward frame-Face the facts, every one of you. Which. appeals most nearly to the heart,—sensuality or poetry, amusement or high thought, self-indulgence or hard work, libertinism or literature, money or brains? To what men in history have you given power over your imagination,—the cold, hard, selfish force of a Napoleon or the strenuous philanthropy of Howard, the careless cruelty of a Cæsar or the gentle strength and spiritual energy of Christ?

Whichever way you answer, there rest the keys of your life. Is it of us Isaiah prophesies, "A little child"—the innocence, the good cheer, the trustfulness of the child—"shall lead them," or are we locked to the triumphal car of tyrants, demagogues, plunderers, and charlatans? The one is more and more of hopeless slavery, and the other prophesies of freedom. "The most glorious minister of God on earth," declares Dr. Channing, in a glowing passage, "is he who speaks with a life-giving energy to other minds, breathing into them the love of truth and virtue, strengthening them to suffer in a good cause, and lifting them above the senses and the world." Have you given one great key of your life into the hands of Truth, that she may lead you in and out as pleaseth her, not yourself, that she may bring your mind into larger mansions, and your heart into a more generous charity? Have you given another key to Religion? Not the religion of the priests, than which nothing has power more tyrannous and belittling, but the religion of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, that illumines the world with hope and beauty and sings of the good time coming, that lifts each heart into communion with the good and makes us faithful unto death. Have you given another key to the ideal of a true manliness, a tender womanliness, such as the strong sons and daughters of God have dimly shown, "flesh-veiled, but not concealed?" Are there any worthier than these? Who knows them not knows not how strong and beautiful life may be.

"I have given thee the keys of the kingdom," whispers the divine voice to every listening soul. Guard the entrances fearfully. Throw not the keys of the kingdom away on chance favorites. Trust them only to the noblest. Give all else into charge of better keepers but the keys of heart and conscience. The key of thy integrity is too sacred to be shared or duplicated. Reserve some locked and guarded cells in the soul, too holy to be exposed even to the nearest. Some treasures are between a man and his God. And though thou art careless, wasting thy substance, though thou shouldst trust base and foolish friends who betray thee, though thou shouldst give passion and hideous evil power over thee and cry with torment, caught in their clutches, yet God holds a master-key. He will not surrender it, though devils ran riot in thy soul. Others fail; but he will not fail, the one most trusty keeper of the keys of life.

COL. INGERSOLL AND THE RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY.

I.

A great deal has been written, from time to time, in reply to Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's attacks on popular Christianity. But it is certain that the public generally have very confused and erroneous ideas of what he believes and what he disbelieves. If it were a question of one man's opinions simply, we might perhaps be wise to let the matter drop. But Col. Ingersoll represents a type of thought widely prevalent in these days. He is an agnostic; and agnosticism is extremely popular, and is advocated

by many thoughtful and serious minds in our time. Unfortunately, theological controversy usually generates more heat than thought; and this has been especially so in the Ingersoll controversies, chiefly because the colonel's blows have been so sharp and hard. Moreover, his theological opponents have almost invariably been "orthodox Christians," so called. Cardinal Manning, Rev. Dr. Field, and Mr. Gladstone are representatives of those who have met Mr. Ingersoll in the theological arena. But there are thousands of devoutly religious people who reject not only the Romish, the Presbyterian, and the Episcopalian dogmas, but the "distinctive tenets" of all the sects; and yet they do not accept either materialism or agnosticism. They believe in God and the soul and ethical religion, all of which beliefs are too profound to be embodied in any of the sectarian formulas. These people are not found exclusively in any one of the denominations, but in all of them, and outside of religious organizations. It may be well to hear from one of them.

Col. Ingersoll is often accused of superficiality and want of originality. But those who think him superficial have not attentively considered his writings or cannot appreciate profundity when they discover it. He really holds the opinions of some of the deepest thinkers of this and past ages. And, if he is not original, it may be said that it is difficult to be original on theological subjects; and the question is not, Are the opinions put forward *new*, but are they *true?* If Col. Ingersoll simply repeats the arguments of Haeckel, Spencer, and Darwin, of Hume, Strauss, and Renan, what shall we say of those who attempt to refute him by repeating the arguments of Paley and Butler, or perhaps those of the Deists of the eighteenth century? We shall do well to pay less attention to the origin of his opinions and more attention to their truth and force. Col. Ingersoll is also accused of "irreverence." It is a common practice of theologians to denounce one as "irreverent" who may question their pet theories, especially when they cannot refute his arguments. Mr. Ingersoll has a keen sense of the ridiculous; and there are so many palpable absurdities in popular theology that no bright mind can fail to discover them, and the most effective way of exploding them is to hold them up to ridicule. They are not worthy of serious attention and discussion. But all these are minor considerations. Whatever may be Mr. Ingersoll's defects, he has certainly cited real and great difficulties in theology, which must be removed or they will in time prove fatal to religious faith.

First of all, Col. Ingersoll attacks the *doctrine of God.* He says, "I do not say that a God does not exist, neither do I say that a God does exist; but I say that I do not know,—that there can be no evidence to my mind of the existence of such a being, and that my mind is so that it is incapable of even thinking of an infinite personality." In every discussion definition is of supreme importance, and it is specially important in this case. Ignoring the various more or less incredible definitions of God given by the different religious sects, let us define the Deity as *the wise and good Power manifested in Nature.* This definition, it will be observed, consists of three propositions; namely, God is Power, God is Wisdom, and God is Goodness. No one can deny the existence of a mighty Power in Nature, for we feel and observe its effects every moment. But the great question is, What is the nature of this Power? Is it a wise and good Power? In proof of the wisdom of the Creative Power, it is pointed out that there are manifold evidences of *design* and *purpose* in the various products of Nature. But Mr. Ingersoll rejects the doctrine of teleology; and we may confess that the teleological argument, in its traditional form, is untenable. Yet so unbiassed an authority as Prof. Huxley himself, the father of agnosticism, has admitted that the argument needs only reconstruction. He says: "The teleology which supposes that the eye, such as we see it in man or one of the higher vertebrates, was made, with the precise structure it exhibits, for the purpose of enabling the animal which possesses it to see, has undoubtedly received its death-blow.

Nevertheless, it is necessary to remember that there is a wider teleology which is not touched by the doctrine of evolution, but is actually based upon the fundamental proposition of evolution."* Col. Ingersoll accepts evolution, and according to this theory the universe has been developed from chaos.

**Popular Science Monthly*, June, 1888, p. 212.

At one time there was nothing but a vast cloud of atoms scattered throughout space; and Nature as we now behold it, in all its myriad forms of grandeur and utility, was slowly evolved from that chaotic mass of matter. We are forced to believe that every orderly arrangement of matter, whether on a small or a large scale, involves the action of an intelligent power. When we see a heap of lumber lying in disorder on the river-bank, we can believe that the unintelligent forces of the water threw it there. But, when we see the lumber cunningly wrought into a building, we are obliged to conclude that a wise mind did the work. "The carpenter theory of the universe" is, indeed, a crude explanation of its origin; but there is this similarity between the construction of a house and the evolution of natural organisms: both processes involve the operation of a power working to a definite end, and we are forced to believe that such a power is of an intelligent character. The chief difference between the formation of a house and a world is that, in the first case, the constructing force is exerted from without upon the materials used, whereas, in the second case, the constructing power operates from within the materials; but the point of contact between force and matter is not the point to be considered, it is the nature of the process. If science could show that this world had always existed as it now is, then the foregoing argument would not be valid, but evolution establishes the intelligence of its Prime Cause.

Defective and rudimentary organs are cited as disproofs of the teleological argument. But some of these rudimentary organs once served a purpose, while the defective ones are decidedly exceptional. If they were not, if evolution produced more defective than effective organisms, it would soon destroy itself. We cannot convert an exception into a rule; and so we cannot argue that, because a minority of natural organisms show some defects, the Creator is unwise. Mr. Ingersoll, as a lawyer, knows that, when a man is accused of insanity, and the evidence adduced in favor of his sanity is found to be more and stronger than that indicating his insanity, he is acquitted, even though certain facts seem to show insanity. In like manner, when we find in nature abundant evidence of design and purpose, we cannot set this aside, and accept the smaller body of evidence indicating a want of wisdom on the part of the Creative Power. The rule of "the preponderance of evidence" holds good here. It will be said, of course, that "an infinitely wise and powerful God ought to be able to create absolutely perfect organisms, that *no* defects and *no* suffering should exist in his world." But we do not know enough about an infinite power to say what he "ought" or "ought not" to do.

I have purposely omitted the word "infinite" from my definition of the Deity. We must deal with Nature as it actually exists, and not attempt to prove how it ought or ought not to exist, or how it "might have been" produced. We do not know and cannot know whether the universe is infinite or not; and hence we cannot say whether the Power operating in it is infinite in nature, power, wisdom, and goodness or not. Theologians attempt to prove too much when they try to show from what they see on this earth, or through the telescope and microscope, that the Power whose workings they observe is infinitely wise, powerful, and good. Let us rather say, *As far as we can see*, this Power is wise and good; and, when we persuade people that this earth—the planet we inhabit—is the product of divine or at least of superhuman wisdom, then we may argue that the laws of physics, chemistry, geology, and biology, which we observe operating in this globe, hold sway in all other worlds. Science asserts, and is forced to assert, the universality of law and order,—their prevalence throughout all worlds; and so we may conclude that wherever law and order appear there an intelligent Power exists. But, if there be a realm beyond the confines of the universe,—a region of empty space surrounding it,—we have nothing to do with it, because we cannot even imagine it.

As evolution establishes the wisdom of the Creative Power, so it furnishes sufficient evidence of its goodness. The favorite argument of Col. Ingersoll against Theism is drawn from the fact of suffering in the world. He says: "God sends pestilence on the just and on the unjust. Earthquakes devour and cyclones rend and wreck the loving and the vicious, the honest and the criminal. Do not these facts prove that God is cruel to all alike? In other words, do they not demonstrate the absolute impartiality

of the divine negligence?" Here, again, our author attempts to make us accept the weaker evidence rather than the stronger. Nobody will deny that such evils as he cites exist, but everybody knows that they are exceptional. If they were not, our old Earth would long ago have quaked itself to death, and no life would be possible. Mr. Spencer has conclusively shown that "evolution brings about an increasing amount of happiness, all evils being but incidental. Be its essential nature what it may, the processes must everywhere produce greater fitness to the conditions of existence. Applying alike to the lowest and highest forms of organization, there is in all cases a progressive adaptation, and a survival of the most adapted. If in the uniform working out of the process, there are evolved organisms of low types, which prey on those of higher types, the evils inflicted form but a deduction from the average benefit. The universal and necessary tendency toward supremacy and multiplication of the best, applying to organic creation as a whole as well as to each species, is ever diminishing the damage done, tends ever to maintain those most superior organisms which, in one way or other, escape the invasions of the inferior, and so tends to produce a type less liable to the invasions of the inferior. Thus the evils accompanying evolution are ever self-eliminated."* Mr. Ingersoll will probably accept this statement as true, but he will perhaps say that "an infinitely wise and good God might have devised a process of creation from which *all* suffering would have been excluded." And, again, I say we do not know enough to hazard such an assertion. We are not concerned with "what might have been, but with what *is*," and we find that there is far more evidence in favor of the benevolence than there is in proof of the malevolence of the Creative Power; and hence we must accept the stronger in preference to the weaker evidence.

Col. Ingersoll speaks of "the triumph of injustice," and we might suppose that he was a pessimist; but he is only a pessimist when engaged in theological controversy. When he is nominating a candidate for the Presidency, he speaks of our republic, or at least of the Republican party, as an embodiment of righteousness. He knows from Mr. Spencer's work on "Justice," and other such works, that the triumph of injustice has ever been exceptional, and that society has steadily developed mentally, morally, politically, and industrially. He knows that, though injustice is often done in legal proceedings, yet, as a rule, the devils and the saints get their dues. I can but marvel that so brilliant a mind should so exaggerate the sufferings of nature and society, and try to make them overbalance the pleasures of life. Very few, if any, men or animals experience more pain than pleasure; and, when we consider all the facts, we shall not admit that the Deity is "cruel to all alike" or believe in an alleged "divine negligence."

As Mr. Ingersoll rejects the evidence in favor of God's existence, it may be well to ask what he substitutes in place of a wise and good Creator. He does not believe in chance; but he asks, "Is it not possible that we may find that everything has been necessarily produced, that all religion and superstitions, all mistakes and all crimes, were simply necessities?" And he repeats this question more than once. But few people will find the doctrine of Necessity more rational and credible than that just explained. Col. Ingersoll says: "The mystery of man cannot be explained by the mystery of God. That mystery still asks for explanation." Neither can the mystery of the universe be explained by the mystery of Necessity. That mystery asks for explanation. What makes a thing necessary? Why should just this sort of world be "necessarily produced"? If it is so defective that even a man may suggest improvements in it, why was not a better world "necessarily produced"? The doctrine of Necessity breaks down upon the slightest examination, and has often been exploded.

In a second article Mr. Ingersoll's views of a future life will be considered.

HOWARD MACQUEARY.

Saginaw, Mich.

Be not anxious about to-morrow. Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.—*Charles Kingsley.*

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*Spencer's "Principles of Biology," i. p. 54, etc.

ETHICS AND THEOLOGY AS RELATED TO RELIGION.

I believe, with Emanuel Kant, that, outside of moral conduct, everything men offer to God, with the hope of pleasing him, is mere superstition. I know no rational man, who has been touched by the essence of Christianity, who does not hold this opinion. Personal righteousness is the supreme test of the value of religion. The *only* final value in religion is in its power to create character. But the question which is of overmastering interest to us has to do with the forces that lie at the *root* and *furnish* the *nourishment* of character. We must not forget that society is in possession of a vast and incalculable amount of moral capital, a tremendous increment of moral force, and that this capital has been accumulated, at least in connection with, if not as the direct fruit of, certain religious ideals and impulses which have had their organic life in the Christian Church. Even if not another impulse of moral action is added to the accumulation, society may spiritually subsist a long time upon its invested capital. Men and women are trying new experiments with this accumulated fund, some of them failing to take just account of the sources whence it sprang. But the question that will confront us and our children is a very solemn one; namely, this, What hidden sources of moral force are generating a new spiritual life for the future? The old mythological gods, so called, have been discrowned and displaced; and this generation has set up an idol supposed to be greater than "Diana of the Ephesians." It is the deity of Physical Science. Men are fast passing from the belief of an irrepressible conflict between Science and Religion over to the conviction that Science is the all-sufficient and comprehensive content of Religion. Are not these positions both wrong? Or, to be more accurate, are they not both defective? To speak of a conflict between these forces is like talking of a conflict between a statue and its pedestal. Physical Science is only the classification of certain facts according to certain established generalizations, the principal of these being the conviction that nature is governed by invariable law. This is the firm ground upon which Religion must place its feet. Take away this foundation, and Religion tumbles into the chaos of superstition.

But Religion has wings as well as feet. And its first strong flight lifts it above the realm of Physical Science. For that flight carries it into the atmosphere of man's *moral freedom*, where Physical Science has no place, and by its very conditions can have none. The great oratorio of Science has but one key,—that of simple cause and effect. And it has undertaken to show how, from the lowest forms of expediency and prudence, what we call conscience, or the moral sense, has been evolved, and that, as we have thus been developed *into* the sense of moral obligation, in like manner we shall be developed *out* of it. For Herbert Spencer, the prophet of the New Era, infers that "the sense of duty, or moral obligation, is transitory," and "fades," like any other illusion. He gives the genesis of conscience only to show that it will have no place in the completed man. And Robert Ingersoll, who is the interpreter of this theory to the common mind, says, "If there could be no suffering, there could be no sin." "After all," he says, "is it not possible that we may find that everything has been necessarily produced, that all religions and superstitions, all mistakes and all crimes, were simply *necessities?* Is it not possible that out of this perception may come not only love and pity for others, *but absolute justification of the individual?** May we not find that every soul has, like Mazeppa, been lashed to the wild horse of passion, or, like Prometheus, to the rocks of fate?" We say this conclusion is crudely and dangerously presented. But modern science has no refuge except in moral necessity,—in the doctrine of fatalism. And here is the ground upon which those gigantic figures, Science and the Soul, must grapple in Titanic struggle. The former says, "All things come by the necessity of unconquerable law." The latter says: "I am morally free to will evil or good. I am the master of my own destiny, the arbitrator of my own fate." The idea of law is a new conception. The idea of moral freedom is as old as human consciousness. And no sane man ever lived who was not sure that he was free to determine his moral conduct.

*The Italics are mine.

Such a consciousness is the primal test of sanity.

Now, once displace from the human mind all these ideals of religious obligation which had their rise before Science claimed to cover the whole ground of being, conceive with Mr. Spencer that conscience is but the accumulation of prudences, something to be passed and outgrown in the growth of the man, believe with Mr. Ingersoll that suffering is the test of sin, and that we may find in the newer science the absolute justification for each individual criminal, as a mere *creature of necessity*,—and you have cut the nerve of moral impulse, you have dried up the fountains of moral ideals. It will take a good while for the world to use up its moral capital, but that capital will not be renewed in any people that is without the religious basis of morality. If conscience is merely the sum of inherited prudences, it will not long speak with the accents of command.

And here we touch the very heart of religion. I would not narrow the definition of that word. I believe it has its roots, historically, in the awe and wonder and worshipfulness of the primitive savage. I believe it may exist in a low form without theology, or even without a conscious belief in Deity. But, strangely enough, because of our recognition of this large truth, we have come upon a time which discredits Theology, which talks of that larger fellowship of a religion without any theological definitions, as destined to enclose the whole spiritual nature of humanity.

Is not this discrediting of theology something essentially shallow, as well as ethically dangerous? For what is theology? Theology is simply a philosophy of the universe. And there is not a man living who does not have such a philosophy, however crude and defective it may be. The moment religious emotion passes from feeling into intelligence and registers the fact upon the brain, that moment a crude theology begins. Religion without theology is feeling without thought, and is the lowest possible terms upon which religion can be defined. It is like a man without bones. What we need is a revival of theology, of a theology which shall be harmonized with the facts, a theology which shall rise above the philosophy of phenomena or the mere grouping of dead facts,—which cannot supply even a basis for human ethics, and which shall become a rational philosophy of the universe, which takes in all the facts. And, of course, primary among the facts that it must take in are those greatest and most important of all known facts,—God, man's relationship to God, and the moral freedom of the human soul. As Francis E. Abbot well says, "God, freedom, and immortality are the supreme interests of human thought and human life alike."

And so I have come to feel, with ever deepening conviction, that the working religion of the present and the reconciling religion of the future is not to be one devoid of theology, but is one that must hold a comprehensive and consistent theory of life in all its relations. For we must remember that such a vital and working religion does not have a mere dogmatic and dead theism for its basis. It rests upon a theism that is alive, that touches and penetrates and mingles with human life at every point. It means a vital and necessary relationship between the Infinite Being and ourselves. As Kant has said, in substance, such a God as this is "the only kind of Deity in whom man can have any interest." To believe that God is, and that he works by invariable law, is not religion. It is the only road to religion for our scientific age, but it is not religion. As Mr. Clifford truly says, it is simply one cosmic hypothesis, which is not necessarily any better than any other hypothesis of science. True religion — having any spiritual and moral value—begins when *man* comes into *conscious relation* with *God*. And this is where any sound and satisfactory system of ethics begins. Of course, I am not guilty of the shallowness of saying that a man must have a specific form of belief before he can be a moral man. But I do believe that the vital spirit of ethics will perish in the end if the consciousness of this personal relation in religion fades out of the human heart. Conscience will only continue to command the human soul while it is recognized as the organ through which a personal God speaks to a free soul that can obey or despise the voice.

Only in this conception of religion can man find any place for the consciousness of sin. "We live," says a recent writer, "in

an age which has almost lost the consciousness of sin." This is not true, but it is true that our age has almost lost the belief that sin has any logical reason for being. Mr. Ingersoll has only translated into the vernacular the language of agnosticism, when he says that we may find that all "crimes were simply necessities," and that "every soul has been lashed, like Mazeppa, to the wild horse of passion, or, like Prometheus, to the rocks of fate." Sin is found in the consciousness of man's personal relation to a personal God. And its very essence is the belief in man's freedom. Bind him in the meshes of fate, make him only the product of heredity, the child of irresistible conditions, and you strike the sense of sin out of the soul. If it remains at all, it is only the voice of a discredited instinct.

And out of this root grows another stem,—the thought of pardon, of reconciliation, of conversion, of regeneration, call it what you will. Man is not a sinner merely and only because he has not got his growth as a man. This is one side of the truth: science does well to strike this key. But man wilfully and knowingly puts himself out of harmony with God and his righteousness, and, by the same will and knowledge, can come back and be gladly conscious of the restoration of divine relationship.

In this imperfect presentation it will be seen that my theology and my system of ethics are summed up in the conception of the relation of a free soul to a personal God. This is the fruit of the best thinking and the closest study of which I am capable. I am overwhelmed, at times, with the unspeakable pathos and the infinite sadness of the too common philosophy of life,—of the materialism, the agnosticism, the shallow thinking, which have percolated down to the masses of society. Men and women who have not been taught to think are chilled and shadowed by the scepticism that permeates our commonest literature. Burdened with the presence of the incalculable sorrows and crosses and bereavements of life, with the losses and disappointments that beset the very happiest lives, they can only bear and endure without seeing the way into the light. The escape from this is not in shunning thought, not in losing faith in the validity of thought, but in a brave conviction that the universe which speaks so eloquently to the senses can speak no less convincingly to the soul. JOHN SNYDER.

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THE VALUE OF THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE.

Every right-feeling man must feel inclined at times to utter a protest against the unlovely contempt and arrogance so often displayed toward occupations involving handwork and physical toil by our educated, professional, and wealthy classes. It is no less in order to call the attention in turn to the lack of appreciation and disparagement which intellectual occupations so often encounter from the so-called working classes. The man who supports himself by the labor of his hands often fails to do justice to the industry and self-denial, the severe, unremitting toil of the student and professional man. He does not know in what the work of the scholar and thinker consists, and hence denounces him for his idleness or envies him his leisure and easy circumstances. Many workingmen look upon the professors at our State University, for instance, as so many drones in the social hive, supported, through a foolish deference for culture, in semi-idleness at the public expense. A few lectures weekly is all that is required of them, and these are merely an interruption of their long vacations and years of travel abroad at the cost of the State. How little do such critics understand the true nature of the scholar's vocation! They are ignorant of his faithful toil over his books or his instruments, protracted often till deep into the night. They cannot appreciate the difficult problems in language, philosophy, and science, that harass his mind, his arduous pursuit of truth stretching his reason till it aches, the severe discipline of mental powers necessary for the acquisition of knowledge or the ability to impart it to others.

"In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread," is a command honored by the brain-worker quite as much as by the artisan or day laborer.

I recall once coming suddenly upon the poet-preacher, Robert Collyer, as he sat at his study table, literally toiling over his Sunday sermon. His form was bent over the

desk before him, his face flushed purple with intellectual strain, the veins on his forehead were swollen and knotted. "What, Robert," I cried, "so hard at work! I thought you, of all men, wrote by inspiration." "Ah, my lad, it's oftener perspiration," was the reply. No toil of the blacksmith Robert Collyer, as in his earlier days he hammered at his anvil, caused him such stress and pain as his labor in framing, pen in hand, those winsome sentences that charm us with their blended Anglo-Saxon strength and musical beauty. No struggle with unruly beasts refusing to be shod was so strenuous and exhausting as to restrain and concentrate the Pegasus flight of his imagination upon the serious moral purpose of his sermon. One has well said that the scholar also perspires at his task, but it is inwardly rather than outwardly. The acquirement of a clear and elegant style in writing and speaking is as laborious as the acquirement of a trade; and yet this style is only the beginning of the scholar's vocation, the tools with which he is to pursue his art as an author and a teacher. There are, indeed, indolent students, ineffective scholars, who render the world but slight service; but so are there lazy workingmen, shiftless and useless followers of the mechanic arts. All high literary and scientific culture is the product of years of unceasing toil. The scholar's task never ends, for knowledge and truth can never be exhausted. The most laborious and erudite student must confess at the last, like the profound Sir Isaac Newton, that for all his attainments he seems to himself only a child playing by the seashore, amusing himself with finding a curious pebble or bit of shell now and then, while the great ocean of undiscovered truth stretches away before him.

But let not this confession of the limitations of human capacity and knowledge be construed into a disparagement of the work of the scholar and his value to the community. "All past history proves the immensity of the debt which the world owes to those who gave their whole time and attention to intellectual pursuits." Without Aristotle and Plato, Moses and Lycurgus, Cuvier and Darwin, Newton and Humboldt, Voltaire and Strauss, Jesus and Luther, human history would lose its brightest pages, and man still be groping in the errors and brutalities of his earlier and savage condition.

Even the fine arts are not the mere playthings of his leisure, but have their high mission to refine and exalt his soul, to fill his eyes with beauty and his heart with gladness. Artists like Shakespeare, Phidias, Raphael, and Beethoven,—how poor the world would be without these creators of the æsthetic treasures of mankind! The humblest workingman, whose home is something more than a roof and four walls, or who reads something besides an account of a prize fight or ball match, is a debtor to art. In every graceful curve in the lines of his habitation, in every picture on its walls, in every garment that he puts on, in every book that he reads, in every song he sings, in every spectacle he witnesses, in every sermon he hears, he renders constant, however unconscious, tribute to the value of the fine arts in human life.

Yet facility in art production is not an original gift to man: it is only to be acquired through long and persistent endeavors. The artist must enter upon a ceaseless struggle against technical difficulties. "The fine arts," says P. G. Hamerton, "offer drudgery enough and disappointment enough to be a training both in patience and humility."

"The true artist is born," we sometimes say. Assuredly, but his art is not born with him, only his artistic impulse. His native capacity is God's free gift to him; the cultivation of that capacity must be his own achievement. Only by industry and toil, by self-denial and self-discipline, can he develop his gifts and make them useful to mankind. Meissonier, the eminent French artist, painted very small canvases. They were in such eager demand that you would have to cover its surface many times with gold to purchase one of them. But Meissonier's studies for each figure in his crowded pictures were painted from living models and life-size, and every tint and line in his paintings was the fruit of the most unremitting, painstaking toil.

Again, do not imagine that the literary art is the idle and easy employment of leisure hours. Nine-tenths of it is drudgery. Wordsworth, we are told, shrank from the composition of his poems much more sensitively than from his monotonous vocation

as an agent for the sale of goverment stamps. Most poets, while they love to dream over the conception of their poems, have a horror of the pen. To engage in the labor of actual composition requires all their moral courage and resolution; and how often are they not discouraged and disheartened when, in spite of all their faithful endeavors, their imagination and sentiment spurn the fetters of language and verse. When a poet tells you his lines cost him little or no effort, depend upon it he is not aiming at the highest in his art,—the divine flame is not in him. The only poetry worth writing or reading is that which has racked one's brain or is coined out of the agony of one's heart.

Let us then honor intellectual labor in all its forms. The lawyer who pores all day with intense mind over his briefs and law books, and takes the varying fortunes of his clients before judge and jury home with him to ponder in the still night watches; the doctor, whose anxious thought is concerned with the recovery of his patients and the fearful issues of life and death that so often depend upon his skill and faithfulness; the business man, carrying in his mind the infinite ramification and detail of a large mercantile or manufacturing establishment,—are not these workmen who need not to be ashamed, faithful toilers for the up-building of the world in health and wealth, truth and knowledge, grace and goodness?

Men do not appreciate this as they should. When visiting a German relation years ago, I told him that I was about to study for the ministry. He exclaimed, with sincere regret, "Oh, why couldn't you have chosen something useful!" I might have answered him with the words of Jesus, "Man cannot live by bread alone." Nay, nor by the sharpened intelligence that furnishes him with bread. The minister, if he be true to his calling, is no idler. He has it within possibility to be one of the most useful men in the community. To study not only books, but human nature, not only theology, but all arts and knowledges that enrich and adorn human life; to preach and teach, to comfort and inspire, to lend a hand and lead, to seek for truth and rebuke unrighteousness, to try to make himself a better man for his own and his brethren's sake,—here is work enough to do to confute the vulgar notion that he does not earn the bread he eats.

The workingman toils hard and for a modest income (with all my heart I pray for its large increase); but, when his eight or ten hours' stint is done, his toil is over, his mind is free from care, he is his own master, and can give himself to whatever pursuit or pleasure he will. The work of a pastor, a doctor, a business man, or a lawyer, is never done. His cares follow him into his home, they haunt his pillow, they pursue him on his vacations, until he looks with envy upon the brawn and muscle, the healthy appetite and sweet sleep, of the toiler at forge or bench or plough.

How wrong, then, are the popular cavils and slurs upon intellectual labor! Not only is it equal in severity and hardship to manual toil, but in its productive results upon human welfare and happiness it is of equal, if not superior, importance to the so-called industrial occupations of man. "Of all the toils," says Philip Hamerton, "in which men engage, none are nobler in their origin or their aim than those by which they endeavor to become more wise." Any jealousy and disparagement on the part of these two classes in human society, the brain-workers and the hand-workers, is unwise and unjust. Each needs the other. Each should respect and honor the other. Such is the teaching of the New Testament. "For now are there many members, yet but one body; and the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee, nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. . . . There should be no schism in the body, but the members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it. . . . But covet earnestly the best gifts." Thus the gospel teaches the equal right and honor of all labor, whether the hand or brain is predominantly employed in it. No honest work is disgraceful to man, whatever it be. It is not his particular vocation, but the manner in which he pursues it, that makes it honorable or dishonorable.

Yet we are to "covet the best gifts"; for, while it is apparent that all kinds of work may be equally honorable, so far as individual character and merit are concerned, not every occupation is of equal value to the com-

munity and the welfare of man in general. The toil of a road-mender or trench-digger, however faithfully performed, can never be as great a contribution to the welfare of his country or his kind as that of a great jurist or poet or thinker. One Edison is worth more than a million Chinese coolies to the world. A George William Curtis, dedicating his great brain and heart to the upbuilding of true political and social ideals among his countrymen, is worth more to American civilization than a hundred thousand foreign-born voters in New York, whose influence and ballot are devoted to overthrowing them. While there exists in mankind this native disparity of intellectual and moral endowment, there can be no absolute equality among men. The rewards for labor may be more equably adjusted, and manual toil receive a larger share of the world's goods and opportunities. This seems to have been in Jesus' thought also; for in his parable of the talents he who had received the ten and he who had received the five talents were promised the same reward,—the joy of their Lord. But no human adjustment of compensation for labor can ever remove native differences of endowment or make one occupation equal to another in importance to mankind. Even if the socialistic philosophy were to be put into practice, and, through governmental compulsion, every worker, whether with brain or hand, be equally compensated, still intellectual and moral superiority would make itself felt, and those vocations which exercised the most wide-reaching influence on human affairs would receive the greatest consideration and dignity,—would be most admired, sought after, and rewarded with social distinction. This would be the more true if those who pursued them were inspired, as they should be, by a lofty sense of moral obligation to their Creator and their kind, and, remembering that, from those who have received much, much is required, dedicated their exceptional gifts and opportunities to the service of the common brotherhood.

But all high forms of intellectual activity involve a corresponding moral endeavor. In them the human mind becomes conscious of its larger and spiritual relations, its kinship with the Eternal and Divine. This loftier exercise of the intellectual faculties in man we call Inspiration.

Inspiration is not an absolutely free gift of God, disassociated from all human effort. It presupposes not a passive and perceptive, but an active and responsive condition of the mind. These two must co-operate,—the purpose of God and the will of man, the influx of the divine spirit and the open and eager mind that yearns to receive it.

In even the most usual exercise of the thinking powers the mind can act only as it is quickened from above. How much greater, then, is its obligation to divine impulses when it is concerned with the profounder problems of human investigation! The holy spirit of God is to the mind what light is to the eye. Its office is not to impart truth, but to show it; to so awaken the intelligence and kindle the moral and spiritual nature of man that he may see the truth, love the good, and do the right; that with fear and trembling he may work out his own salvation, and yet know that it is God who worketh in him to do his will and pleasure.

Inspiration comes to men in different forms, according to the character of their seeking. Moses and Gladstone are inspired to make laws, the Psalmist to pour out his soul in song, Plato and Emerson to impart wisdom, Isaiah and Wendell Phillips to utter prophecies, Luther and Channing to free the soul of man, Raphael and Mozart to breathe beauty into the sordid world, Jesus to lift it by his cross toward heaven and God. And not only these crowned spirits of the race,—every honest thought, however humble, every loving deed, every unselfish prayer, from the lowliest as well as the highest-placed among men, has its Godward side. "There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit; . . . diversities of operations, but it is the same God who worketh all in all."

This implies that man must do his part, the human intelligence and will must co-operate with the Divine Purpose. Then truly the voice is heard from heaven, "Write, for my words are true and faithful," then a great conviction seizes upon each faithful servant of the Most High, whatever his gift or station; then the mind is clear, the heart enlarged, truth is seen at first hand, right is second nature, and God is all in all.

This divine inspiration is continuous and universal. It quickens the thought and

nerves the will of men to-day as truly as in ancient and Bible times. It is ours in fulness proportioned to our obedience and trust; and we may sing with grateful confidence in the Divine Presence and Communication the inspired hymn of Whittier:—

"All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer, by thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

"Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou knowest;
Wide as our need thy favors fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all."

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

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SOCRATES: A SKETCH.

I.

It is related of Erasmus that, when he read for the first time the account of that last conversation of Socrates with his friends in prison, he exclaimed with reverent heart, "Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis." Can we wonder that the great German critic and scholar, who had been taught from his youth to seek the intercession of the Christian saints, should in his maturer years ask for the prayers of the holy Socrates,—a man who, in purity of life, genuine religious insight, and sublimity of moral character, towered high above any mediæval saint, a man whom a vast majority of those best qualified to judge deem *one* of the *three* greatest *moral teachers of the race?* The illustrious philosopher of India, who voluntarily renounced the throne and the wealth of his ancestors, that he might devote a life of poverty and meditation to the good of his fellow-men; the divine teacher of Palestine, rising above the narrow prejudices of his age, and giving the years of his majority, and finally his life, to impress upon mankind the single, simple, sweet doctrine of love,—for he taught absolutely nothing else (love to God and love to man),—these two, among all the sons of men, are alone worthy to take rank, as moral teachers, with the Athenian sage.

Socrates was born at Athens, of pure Athenian blood, about seven or eight years after the death of Buddha and four hundred and sixty-nine years before the birth of Jesus; and the seventy years of his memorable life saw the political rise, the culminating glory and political fall, of his native city. These seventy years included nearly all that was most illustrious in the history of Athens,—in philosophy, in literature, in art, if not in arms.

As a boy, Socrates may have heard from their own lips the stories of Athenian soldiers who fought the Persian army at Marathon, and listened to the tales of Athenian sailors who sank the Persian fleet at Salamis. As a boy, he may have attended the public games of Greece, and listened, with a boy's enthusiasm, while Herodotus read to the assembled thousands the pages of that great history which after the lapse of more than twenty-three centuries have not lost their interest or their charm. He may have been acquainted with Thucydides, the historian, and conversed with the Theban Pindar. He was contemporary with all the great tragic and comic poets of Greece whose works have come down to us,—Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes. Often in the early morning, before sunrise, as was the custom at Athens, he had joined the vast throng of citizens on their way to the great Dionysian theatre, and laughed there at the keen personal wit of the Clouds, wept at the touching pathos of the Antigone, and been moved to horror as he saw represented on the immortal stage the sufferings of Prometheus and the awful fate which followed the house of Œdipus.

He was in his prime during the entire administration of Pericles, when, with the revenues of tributary provinces and cities, that great statesman erected at Athens those magnificent public edifices which have been the admiration and despair of all succeeding architects. He watched the building of that magnificent Propylæa which guarded and crowned the passage-way to the Acropolis. He saw the formless blocks of Pentelic marble as they slowly grew, month by month and year by year, into the matchless proportions, harmonious beauty, and loveliness of the perfected Parthenon. From youth to old age he saw the busy workmen engaged upon that mighty temple of Olympian Zeus—never completed—whose solitary columns still stand upon the plain of Athens,—silent and solemn mementos of a

glorious past. Often he may have visited the Acropolis, and discussed high questions of philosophy and politics with Pericles and Aspasia, and perhaps Theodota, while, seated together, they watched the workmen of Phidias, as, under the direction of that great artist, they erected of ivory and gold, upon the highest point of the Acropolis, that colossal statue of Athene, one of the wonders of the world, whose golden helmet and brazen spear borne aloft, reflecting the rays of the rising sun, were a beacon light and guide to the watching sailor far out at sea.

When we look upon the map of Attica, we realize at once the insignificant extent of Athenian territory; and I have stated the foregoing facts to impress upon the mind, what it is hard to realize, that the great names of Athens and the triumphs of Athenian genius, which have had such a marvellous influence upon the human mind during all the succeeding ages, were crowded into a period of time almost as insignificant, —into the threescore and ten years which rounded the life of Socrates.

Socrates was the son of a stone-cutter, and followed that trade of his father until he was forty years of age; and Pausanias tells us that in the second century he saw upon the Acropolis a statue of the Three Graces, and that not only its inscription, but the tradition of more than six hundred years, ascribed the work to the hand of Socrates. During most of his life Athens, his native city, was engaged in war,—either with Persia, with Sparta, or with the petty States and tribes of Greece. The Peloponnesian War, continuing more than twenty years, and in the end so disastrous to Athens and all Greece, occurred during his manhood. Socrates, like all other citizens, took his turn in the army; and many stories and anecdotes are told of his endurance, his courage and magnanimity as a soldier. As a soldier, he was remarkably healthy. He was never recorded as sick in hospital just before a battle, thus laying the foundation for a successful pension claim. As a soldier, he was never absent from a post of duty and never deserted a post of danger. Tradition says that, however perilous the risk or the danger, he never failed to fly to the succor of a weak or wounded comrade At the fatal battle of Delium, when the Athenian army had fled from the field in utter and disastrous rout, Socrates, unmoved by the panic, calmly took the youthful Alcibiades—who was too frightened to fly—upon his broad shoulders, and carried him to a place of safety, outdoing in unselfish bravery and courage the pious hero of Virgil, who bore his aged father upon his shoulders from burning Troy.

When the remnants of the Athenian army met, after the battle, to determine to whom should be awarded the prize of valor, by unanimous vote it was conferred upon Socrates; but he declined to accept it, and insisted that it should be conferred upon the handsome and brilliant but frightened youth whom he had carried from the field. Alcibiades afterward became one of the most popular and influential citizens of Athens, and the Symposium of Plato records his estimation of that noble friendship of one who was ready to save the life of another at the risk of his own. We are accustomed to think of Socrates as a philosopher merely: he was more,—at least he was not one of those philosophers safely ensconced in his quiet and comfortable library, —shy of too much sunlight and drafts of air; lolling in slippers and dressing-gown; valiantly "fighting with his mouth," and urging others forward to the "imminent deadly breach," to "the rough edge of battle where it joins." He was, rather, like the brave and generous Zwingle, most heroic and lovable of the German reformers, whose glory it was that he died upon the field of battle in defence of his country and of civil and intellectual freedom. Or, rather, like Theodore Parker,—most heroic of American preachers,—who, when the minions of Slavery attempted to steal a poor colored woman from his congregation, inspired by his generous impulses and by the sight of the old musket hanging upon his study wall, which his father had borne at Lexington and Bunker Hill, armed himself, and was prepared to take life, if necessary, in defence of the poor slave woman.

Twice during his life Socrates held office in his native city. On one occasion, when he was presiding at a public assembly of the citizens, who, wild with rage, were demanding that generals who, without fault, had lost a battle should be put to death, Socrates at the peril of his life refused to

put the motion, and, bidding defiance to the raging mob, declared that he would sooner die himself than have any part in the destruction of those innocent men. On another occasion, when the Thirty Tyrants, who were as omnipotent at Athens as were Robespierre and Danton at Paris during the Reign of Terror, ordered him and five others to go to an island in the Ægean and bring to Athens an innocent citizen, that they might confiscate his property and take his life, Socrates alone refused to obey, and declared that *no power in the State* could compel him to do an act of injustice. Thus, twenty-three centuries before William H. Seward made his famous declaration, Socrates had declared that there is a "Higher Law" even than the laws of our country.

W. D. HARRIMAN.

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*THE MISSION OF HUMOR.**

The subject of humor is not lacking in elements of seriousness,—a conclusion which one might indeed arrive at from perusal of some of the alleged comicalities in current journals, but which is also to be deduced from consideration of the part it really plays in life.

As an incitement to mirth, it is its "own excuse for being"; but this is not the end of its mission. It serves a profoundly useful purpose in the economy of existence. Philosopher, moralist, and preacher may regard it as worthy of study. It is a striking characteristic of advanced mental and moral development, and it is never discovered in perfection save in connection with humane, generous, and religious individuality. Ideas which have hung a weary and dragging weight on mankind's shoulders, superstitions, baleful beliefs, have been destroyed by humor. Humor is the sunshine of life, which illuminates, warms, invigorates, and supplies the condition of healthy growth. Laughter restores worn tissues, calms tired nerves, places the entire physical system in harmonious relations with all that is good and wholesome in its surroundings. Laughter is the ripple on the water, the shine on the green leaves, the wave on the meadow grass, the gleam and dance of the sunbeam. As these tell of forces tender, genial, and beautiful in nature, so laughter reports an innate kindliness, gentle heartedness, and sympathy in the human soul.

"How much lies in laughter!" says Carlyle: "it is the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem." And to somewhat similar purport Emerson says: "A rogue alive to the ludicrous is still convertible. If that sense is lost his fellow-men can do little for him."

The sense of humor is a necessary and important factor in mental development. Man's wonderful intellectual endowments, his genius for observation, his faculty for serious study and deep reflection, his intense sympathy, would lead to morbid conditions of mind far oftener than now if the most serious toil and mental strain were not lightened by this divinely provided antidote and tonic. The person of great parts, high motives, and earnest conscience, is to be commiserated, if he has been denied a capacity for appreciating and entering into the enjoyment of humor. Affectation of humor fails. Humor is not a veneer, but a gift, like any other true attribute of the soul. Artificiality makes it an unpleasant parody. Some truly great men have failed to appreciate humor; but, in general, insensibility to humor indicates a nature not quite full, rounded. Life's work is heavier, thorns, stones, and tempests more frequent, even to great men, when the grand passion for right, justice, and mercy lacks capacity for full, free, and innocent merriment.

Quick apprehension of humor is one of the best guides one can have in the matter of sensible conduct. People who are lacking in this respect often say and do things very innocently which expose them to ridicule. Learning and even genius, when unattended by humor, are not sufficient to carry the individual with perfect equipoise through life.

There is no civilized calling that is lacking in humorous material, none that is not lightened and cheered by the genial influence of humor. The laborer has his jokes and pranks,—and they are not always coarse ones,—and these help sustain the tired arms and weary bodies through many a dull and

* Abstract of a lecture given in Iowa City, Ia., February, 1893.

heavy day. Ministers, lawyers, doctors, statesmen, authors, have each well-filled volumes in the library of wit. The more serious the occupation, the more appreciative those engaged in it are apt to be of that sentiment which volatilizes thought by processes which fill the whole being with delight. Humor is at once amusement and mental discipline, recreation, and education. Let a party of divines meet after dinner, and the roof will ring with their laughter; and they will do better work in parish and study for such mirthful interlude. The habitual occupation of clergymen with grave themes, and their frequent contact with the pathetic side of life in the course of pastoral work, make the perception of the humorous a gift of very great value to the preservation of cheerful and healthy temperament. And the quite general possession of the gift by members of this profession may be regarded as an instance of the wise adjustment by Providence of qualifications for specific ends. Quaint and odd gleams of humor are always falling upon a clergyman's path within the circle of his duties and he grows after a time to have a very keen scent for a *jeu d'esprit*, pun, or pleasantry of any sort. It is a poor parish that has not among its members a Mrs. Partington or a Mrs. Malaprop, with a mission for stirring the risibilities of the tired minister, and providing him with material for many a quiet chuckle. A poor parish, too, that has not its "original," either male or female, generally the former, whose words and ways, shrewdly, dryly humorous, are a never-failing source of amusement. Then there are the children,—involuntary cause of no end of merriment by their perfectly innocent yet exceedingly funny sayings and doings. When you add to all these sources of humor the unfailing source which exists in the denominational peculiarities of religious people, it will be seen that Providence has been very kind to the clergy, and the existence of "a funny column" in every religious paper will be fully explained. Professional humor is often heartless. Seeking only a laugh, it often jests at sacred things, at that which should excite tears, not laughter. The true interpreter of the humorous must be a person of soul, must feel for human nature, be touched by its profound pathos, before his art or talent can do its best. This moral quality gives the glow of golden splendor to the pages of the great American humorists' work. Their humor is like the shining of the autumn sun, soft, mellow, genial, and natural.

This is an age of profound problems, of questioning, doubt, uncertainty; of cynics and pessimists, with scornful and despairing creeds. What will help most to solve these weighty matters? A cheerful, hopeful disposition, that can reflect back the sunshine when it appears, though never so many days be cloudy. It is Mark Tapley's jollity, brave, good humor and honest gay ety, which mount higher as life's difficulties rise,—which heartens one for sober work. Gloom saps the energies, and leads to nerveless despondency. Capacity for mirth and laughter, and a temper generous in giving it expression, are an antidote against discouragement, and the promise of such persistent and dauntless wrestling with difficulties as must, in the end, conquer them.

CHARLES E. PERKINS.

Iowa City, Ia.

AT THE DAWNING OF THE MORNING.

At the dawning of the morning,
  At the rising of the sun,
All things wear an added splendor;
  For the victory is won.
Night and darkness have no power
  At the coming of the day:
They endure but for an hour,
  Then they fade and pass away.

At the dawning of the morning,
  At the passing of the night,
Things will have a different meaning,
  As we see with clearer sight.
Paths we travelled in the darkness,
  Viewed in the clear light of day,
Will be full of light and beauty
  When the night has passed away.

At the dawning of the morning
  Puzzling things will be made clear;
Joy will take the place of sorrow,
  Love will cast away all fear.
Darkened shadows cannot linger
  At the coming of the day:
Light and love will win the victory,
  And the night will pass away.

MAUD L. COTTON.

Bemis Heights, N.Y.

There are glimpses of heaven granted to us by every act or thought or word which raises us above ourselves.—*Dean Stanley.*

CHARLES KINGSLEY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

A REMINISCENCE.

You might have strayed into Westminster Abbey on that Sunday morning, Sept. 7, 1873, when Charles Kingsley first preached as a "canon in residence," and, without knowing who was standing in that massive pulpit, even without ever having heard of Kingsley or his fame, have felt at once that here was no ordinary man.

In that vast building, where the lengthy service is divided among several clergymen, the dean, or the preacher for the day, is hardly seen by the congregation until, just before the sermon, he quits his stall at the western end of the choir, and, preceded by a black-gowned verger, bearing a wand of office, slowly marches between the long rows of choristers and worshippers admitted by tickets to seats within the choir, until he ascends the pulpit, placed at the outer angle of the sacrarium, as they call the deep chancel, just beyond the railing, closed by low brass gates.

A clever English writer * in a recent novel has charmingly described the rush of delight and enthusiasm felt by young Americans upon first landing at Liverpool and going "up to London." He tells what so many of us have experienced, how every common sight along that line of the North-western Railway seems filled with some dear association gathered from some well-loved book or poem or tale of our old fatherland. Still more may this apply to a first visit to that abbey which Dean Stanley, for so long its fitting guardian, has aptly named "the very heart of England's heart."

Arriving, perhaps, just too late to obtain a good seat upon the benches in the northern transept, one joins the knot of other late comers who keep slowly pressing forward beyond the open gate leading into the choir. Here one must pause to linger and look upwards and around on every side. One feels as though the spirit of John Milton should be called up, in order to give words to the wonderful crowd of new and hitherto unimagined sensations roused by the first sight of a cathedral in those who have thus far seen nothing beyond an American place of worship. The heavy groined columns on either side of the nave and transepts seem to shut off that central portion of the abbey used for the Sunday service; while the rows of little chapels are unseen beyond the railing of the choir, save that we see their vaulted ceilings stretching out into the distance. Behind that marble reredos, but out of sight, lies Edward the Confessor's tomb, in his own chapel, among other sovereigns; while the shield and helmet of Henry V. stand high on a beam overhead. Behind us, to the west, stretches the long nave, but hidden by the walls of the choir, with the gate through which the procession of the clergy and the singers always enter. It is only during a part of the year that sermons are preached on Sunday evenings from that other pulpit at the eastern end of the nave, while temporary seats are ranged before it. All the rest of the time the nave is kept appropriately clear, and we may freely wander to read the epitaphs of the great dead beneath our feet.

But even the first impression of standing in the centre of that abbey, a few steps from the spot where England's sovereigns have been crowned for centuries, is almost overpowered when we glance up into the vaulted roof. To eyes accustomed only to American churches there is a strange sense of distance and expansion in looking at the rows of Gothic arches harmoniously intertwining, and, above all, the great rose windows. That above the door of the northern transept, by which we enter, shows dimly in the English daylight, always more or less pervaded by a slight mistiness, while soft vapors float hovering among the arches of the nave, up above the rays of sunshine slanting through the tall windows. But the colored panes through which the southern sunshine pours down above Poets' Corner are filled with beautiful groups, the most striking, perhaps, being one which represents Moses kneeling in fear and awe before the vision of the burning bush. He hides his face, shrinking in dread from the thought of the mission before him; while behind him, but unknown to him, an angel hovers, with soft white wings outspread against the streaming flood of light.

* "Babylon," by Grant Allen. A fresh, genial, simple story of a pair of country lads, one English, the other American, who work their way toward successful careers as artists in Rome.

One feels as though suddenly uplifted into a new world, as if one's own personal sadness and unrest were lost in a mysterious blending of excitement and repose. Perhaps, to an American, a first visit to a cathedral may rank among the unique sensations of life. We lose all thought of weariness, and feel inclined to stand indefinitely in the center of the choir, feasting eyes and mind on that wonderful place, the mere glimpse of which seems to recompense us for all the trials of crossing the ocean. But the vergers approach the standing group, quietly motioning them to seats here and there. We are passed on, through the choir, to the outer row of benches in the southern transept, with Poets' Corner just behind us, the graves of Dickens and Macaulay only a few paces to the left, and with how many more of England's great sons almost under our feet? To the right, in the side aisle, lie Chaucer and Dryden, and in front of them Robert Browning and Tennyson have since been laid to rest.

As Kingsley, preceded by the verger, walks toward the pulpit to deliver his first sermon as a canon of Westminster Abbey, we see a man of fifty-four, rather tall, well made, somewhat gray, with a face not to be called handsome, but indicating a remarkable personality. The forehead is good, the nose decidedly aquiline, with a very bold, high spring from between the somewhat shaggy brows. The mouth is drawn, and suggestive of intense will and force, with rather long, thin lips, set as if in ceaseless struggle with an innate impulsiveness. But the eyes! they are not large or fine or beautiful; yet, gray and deeply set as they are, they pierce from beneath his eyebrows as though scanning the souls of that great crowd. His voice, to American ears, has perhaps too much of that "*aw, aw,*" which we are apt to associate with Englishmen. Yet, as he goes on speaking, we lose consciousness of its lack of melody, and would surely never dream that the man before us, uttering his weighty sentences with well-ordered vigor and the suggestion of a vast amount of reserved force, is, in private life, afflicted with a frequent stammer. He has no personal attractions, no tricks of oratory. He employs few gestures. He suggests the idea of strength rather than refinement. And yet there is a moral magnetism exercised by Kingsley as he stands yonder which holds his hearers rapt in breathless attention. To the feeling already produced by the great abbey is added that of being under the healthful sway of a great human nature, of standing in the presence of a man thoroughly pervaded by intense moral earnestness. He reminds us how Dr. Arnold of Rugby said that the Greeks employed the word "σπουδαῖος, earnest," to designate the noblest type of man. There is something in him which suggests likewise the old Norsemen, the Vikings and Berserkers of early English history. He looks, too, like a born fighter, with that kindling eye and eagle face,—as if he should have been one of Cromwell's Ironsides, ready with "sword and Bible" to lead them to the battle.

He preached that morning from the first two verses of Psalm i. It was published as Sermon X. in his volume of "Westminster Sermons," and is called "The Law of the Lord." Mingled with some theological phrases too orthodox for liberal minds, he yet gave a strong, manly discourse upon the one great question underlying all others, that of man's obedience to the will of God.

"This is that law of which the prophet says that God will put it into men's hearts, and write it in their minds, and they shall be his people, and he will be their God. This is that law which the inspired philosopher—for a philosopher he was indeed—who wrote the 119th Psalm continually prayed and strove to learn, entreating the Lord to teach him his law, and make him remember his everlasting judgments. This is that law which our Lord Jesus Christ perfectly fulfilled, because the law was his Father's law; and therefore he perfectly comprehended the law, and perfectly loved the law, and said with his whole heart, "I de light to do thy will, O God!"

"The will of God. For in one word this law, which we have to learn, and by keeping which we shall be blessed, is nothing else than God's will,—God's will about us, what God has willed and chosen we should be, what God has willed and chosen we should do. The greatest philosophy of the eighteenth century said that every rational being had to answer four questions: Where am I? What can I know? What must I do? Whither am I going? And he knew well that, as the Bible tells us throughout,

the only way to get any answer to those four tremendous questions is to delight in the law of the Lord, to struggle, think, pray, till we get some understanding of God's will,—of God's will about ourselves and about the world,—and so be blessed indeed."

Pages might be aptly quoted from that volume in whose stirring preface Kingsley says, concerning certain Churchmen, that "there lingers about them a saviour of the old monastic theory, that this earth is the devil's planet, fallen, accursed, goblin-haunted, needing to be exorcised at every turn before it is useful or even safe for man." He was a votary of modern science. He emphatically states that he believes evolution to be one among the laws of God. He frequently wrote upon sanitary questions and their moral issues. And yet he adds, in that same preface: "We might accept all that Mr. Darwin, all that Prof. Huxley, all that other most able men have so learnedly and so acutely written on physical science, and yet preserve our natural theology on exactly the same basis as that on which Butler and Paley left it. That we should have to develop it, I do not deny. That we should have to relinquish it, I do."

This was written in 1874. But perhaps we might say of Kingsley that his rational theology practically outweighed his sturdy championship of Orthodoxy. He says in Sermon XI., "God the Teacher," "If we do not know and keep the laws of God, the laws of God will keep themselves, in spite of us, and grind us into powder. Do not fancy that you may do wrong without being punished, and break God's will because you are not under the law, but under grace. You are only under grace as long as you keep clear of God's law. The moment you do wrong you put yourself under the law, and the law will punish you."

He had a vein of cutting irony now and then. He speaks of the people who do not want to be blessed. They only want to be comfortable in this world and the next. As for blessedness, they do not even know what it means; and our Lord's seven beatitudes, which begin, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," are not at all to their mind,—even, alas! to the mind of many who call themselves religious and orthodox.

On the afternoon of that, to us, ever memorable first Sunday in Westminster Abbey, Kingsley preached from Psalm cxiv. 89, 96, calling it "The Word of God." The dense crowd forced many to remain standing until the end, or nearly so, of the sermon,—not inferior to that of the morning in its power and earnestness, its manly efforts to console mankind for the sufferings of life. The months of September and November formed his "term of residence," during which he preached twice every Sunday. It was not until November that we had the opportunity of hearing him again. There was in this case no falling off from first impressions, no reaction. Each sermon kept up to the high level of those first ones, while the preacher's own wonderful personality seemed to imprint itself upon memory even more than at the start. His manner, though, as already stated, utterly free from pretension, was, perhaps for that very reason, incomparable in its own unadorned, often rugged strength. He reminded us of the ancient prophets of Israel when he grew calmly indignant in his denunciation of hypocrisy and sin. At times he grew bitter, saying, that for his part he could not always see that great improvement in the state of things which some professed to greet with gladness. In one of his sermons he eloquently pleaded the cause of dumb creatures, saying that, if we really deny them all hope of a life hereafter, it ought to make us all the more careful to give them as much happiness in this present world as they are able to enjoy. He added: "Yes, my friends, this is, after all, a strange world, a solemn world, a world full of sad mysteries past our understanding. As was said once by the holiest of modern Englishmen, now gone home to his rest,—whose bust still stands worthily in yonder chapel [turning with an expressive gesture toward the chapel of St. John, which contains the bust of F. D. Maurice, whom Kingsley revered as his own especial master, and after whom he named his eldest son],—'this is a world in which men must be sometimes sad who love God and care for their fellow-men.'"

Most striking of all seemed those autumn afternoon services, when the empty nave of the great abbey was but dimly lighted; while the choir and transepts, crowded to their utmost, shone brightly with gas-lights flashing upon the sea of upturned faces, almost as immovable as the white rows of

statues ranged along the walls. Then, seated toward the front of the north transept, within a few feet of the pulpit, we could glance quietly toward the famous monument called "The Three Captains," in memory of three young naval officers of the last century, or feel a slight thrill of amusement at the sight of Lord Mansfield's bulky marble figure, in his full-bottomed wig, sitting beside an emblematical "Justice" in classical draperies, holding the balance. Four noble standing figures of statesmen adorn the eastern side of the northern transept against the "Screen" shutting off its left aisle, containing many monuments, among them the famous one to Mrs. Nightingale, who is sitting on top of the tomb, while a skeleton, issuing from the vault, aims at her his dart. Dean Stanley tells how, one morning, the vergers found a crowbar lying in front of this monument, presumably dropped by some would-be burglar who had fled in terror, believing that his sacrilege was about to be punished by this *bona fide* apparition from the grave.

Far over yonder, in Poets' Corner, blazing in the lights, we see the shining marble form of Campbell, opposite to that of Addison. On the base of Campbell's statue are his lines from the "Last Man":—

"This spirit shall return to Him
  Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim
  When thou thyself art dark.
No: it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
  By Him recalled to breath
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
  And took the sting from Death."

On the afternoon of the 9th of November, in honor of the birthday of the Prince of Wales, the congregation were dismissed to the matchless music of "God save the Queen." How it rolled among those mighty arches, lost in blackness, like the fitting voice of "the heart of England's heart," as it soared above the heads of a dense, slowly dispersing crowd! Place, preacher, and music seemed all three worthy of each other, and none could be forgotten.

Judged according to the present standard of liberal Orthodoxy, Kingsley's preaching may often seem a little behind the age. In his own time he was considered exceedingly broad. We have quoted his statement of belief in the possibility of holding fast, we might say, to science with one hand, and to a "progressive Orthodoxy," with the other. But, like many preachers, he was most attractive and impressive, not when descanting upon theology, but when using his full flow of eloquence to encourage and uplift the weary, fainting soul. He spoke "like one having authority, and not like the scribes and Pharisees." When he grew excited, his gray eyes darted their fierce fire among the crowd till one recalled the description of Napoleon's eyes that "bored through one like augers." There was always a suggestion of strong effort to rein himself in, a certain strained look of nervous tension round those long, thin, peculiar lips. It may be seen even in his photographs, where his face is at rest. The sense of latent power within him was such that one could hardly hear him read a chapter of the Bible for the daily lesson without almost having an uneasy sensation, as if under the scrutiny of one from whom nought escaped, so solemn was his manner and so searchingly deep his voice.

Kingsley was a many-sided man, full of eager tastes for science,—botany, natural history, and geology. He loved the brute creation, and longed to see them treated with kindness. He abhorred all tyranny and injustice. The *motif* of his longest poem, "The Saint's Tragedy," and of his finest novel, "Hypatia," is an indignant protest against the evils of priestcraft and priestly rule. He lived too laborious and strained a life. It was easy to tell from his face in the pulpit that he was a man sure to wear himself prematurely out. In his biography we find numerous indications of this, besides his frequent wish to "die, and be done with it." When asked to write a list of the things he desired most, he headed it with "to die."

Obviously, there was something morbid in this. He overtaxed his strength, and looked older than his years. His death, Jan. 23, 1875, was remotely caused by a cold he caught when travelling in our farthest West, early in 1874. In his next November term of residence he again took cold when quitting the warm abbey for the chilly "little cloisters," the tiny quadrangle round which stand some old-fashioned brick houses occupied by

the canons when on duty. He declined rapidly, dying at his beloved home of more than thirty years, Everseley, where, according to his own wish, he lies buried. His bust has been placed in the abbey, near that of F. D. Maurice.

Perhaps the most impressive memory from a time so rich in memories is that of Kingsley's last sermon in the abbey in 1873, on the afternoon of the 30th of November. His text was the fifty-seventh Psalm, "a Psalm of David when he fled from Saul in the cave." It appropriately concludes the volume of "Westminster Sermons," and is called "The Beatific Vision."

After reading the whole Psalm through with his wonted solemnity, he enlarged first upon its high poetic beauty, and next on its pathetic outburst of human longing for a refuge from the terrors of life under the protecting care of God. He vividly depicted the many ways wherein our souls may indeed be said to be "among lions." He said: "The man who has a conscience is no match for the man who has none. The man who has no conscience does what he wills. Everything is fair to him in war; and there, in his unscrupulousness, lies his evil strength. The man who has a conscience dares not do what he likes. His scruples—in plain words, his fear of God—hamper him, and put him at a disadvantage which will always defeat him, as often as he borrows the devil's tools to do God's work withal. He must give up those weapons, as David threw off Saul's armor when he went to fight the giant. He would take simpler weapons to which he was accustomed, and fight his battle with them, trusting not in armor, but in the name of the living God."

We have not space to quote the many striking passages of this concluding sermon, where he described the sense of safety, won through bitter struggle, in which David came to rejoice. It seemed then as if Kingsley exceeded himself in the words of counsel and comfort with which he led up to his closing sentences, uttered with even more than his wonted earnestness to the eagerly listening crowd:—

"And now, friends,—almost all friends unknown, and alas! never to be known by me,—you who are to me as people floating down a river, while I, the preacher, stand upon the bank, and call in hope that some of you may catch some word of mine ere the great stream shall bear you out of sight,—oh, catch at least, catch this one word, the last which I shall speak here for many months, and which sums up all I have been trying to say to you of late.

"Fix in your minds—or, rather, ask God to fix in your minds—this one idea of an absolutely good God,—good with all forms of goodness which you respect and love in man, good as you and I and every honest man understand the plain word 'good.' Slowly you will acquire that grand and all-illuminating idea,—slowly, and most imperfectly at best; for who is mortal man that he should conceive and comprehend the goodness of the infinitely good God? But see, then, whether, in the light of that one idea, all the old-fashioned Christian ideas about the relations of God to man,—whether a providence, prayer, inspiration, revelation, the incarnation, the passion, and the final triumph of the Son of God,—whether all these, I say, do not begin to seem to you not merely beautiful, not merely probable, but rational and logical and necessary moral consequences from the one idea of an absolute and eternal Goodness, the living Parent of the universe. And so I leave you to the grace of God."

We may demur at some of his theology. We must forever keep and bless the memory of that last glimpse of Kingsley in the abbey pulpit, as he bade farewell to his throng of hearers with what seemed a prophetic solemnity and sense of parting for this world. To some of them, as the great crowd slowly streamed out from the lighted abbey into the black November night, where the bright clock-dial looked down from the tower whence melodious chimes had rung each quarter of an hour, and to whom his simile of the floating down a river seemed only too much in harmony with the chances and changes of a wandering far away, into unknown lands, there lives no dearer association with the thought of days spent in old England than the remembrance of those Sundays at Westminster, when those chimings from the bells broke in upon Kingsley's words, and all personal sadness, homesickness, and uncertainty seemed banished by the spell of the great sanctuary and by Kingsley's voice.

URSULA TANNENFORST.
Philadelphia.

SHOULD NOT A CHRISTIAN BE TRUTHFUL AND HONEST?

A LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

My dear Friend,—I have wished for some time to write to you about the religious position you occupy. It has long seemed to me that, without clearly realizing it yourself, you stand in a position with which your real convictions are gravely inconsistent. It does a subtle violence to your own nature; and, in the case of those who look at you from the outside, it causes you either to be misunderstood or else to be suspected of being a time-server, not willing to be perfectly honest and outspoken on the subject on which, more than any other, you *ought* to be unequivocal.

To justify this assertion, let me state some of the beliefs in which, according to your own voluntary admission, you differ from the current standards. It will seem like going back to the Middle Ages, but never mind. I begin with the most offensive doctrine of Orthodoxy. You do not believe in the eternal punishment of the wicked. You have told me more than once that such a thing, if it were true, would mark the extreme of injustice and cruelty in the moral government of the world, and that, if you were compelled to make your choice between belief in a God who would condemn a single one of his children to endless punishment for sins committed in the space of a human lifetime and no God at all, you would, without a moment's hesitation, choose the latter alternative. All honor to you for your choice!

Again, you are far from orthodox in your belief about the nature of man. You do not believe in total depravity any more than you believe that the earth is flat. If you do not accept all the conclusions of Darwin and Spencer, yet you are a thorough believer in evolution: you believe that the human race, like all the rest of creation, has been gradually developed from a lower stage of being; that mankind, as a whole, has never been so far advanced, morally or mentally or physically, as now; and that man's many imperfections (which none of us are so blind as to deny), instead of being evidence of a degradation into which he has fallen from a state of perfectness, only show the crudeness of a growth which is not yet completed, but which every striving and every virtuous deed helps to make more perfect.

Your belief about the atonement, the effect of the death of Jesus, has for years been almost the same as my own. You can no more accept the Jewish doctrine that the death of Jesus was a sacrifice made once for all for the sins of the world, than you can agree to the mediæval one that it was a ransom paid to the devil for the souls of those in his power. Neither are you able to believe that the death of Jesus was necessary to satisfy the justice of God,—a God who, if punishment were not inflicted upon the transgressor, was content that it should be suffered by the guiltless. Justice, indeed! You deny as immoral the teaching that, since the innocent Christ suffered, guilty sinners may escape. You cannot conceive that the death of even Jesus should produce in the infinite God any change of disposition toward his children. You see, of course, as every observant person must, that the death on Calvary has had an influence in turning men to righteousness greater than any other single event in history. But you regard that as a purely natural influence on the moral nature of man; and, comparing that event with what preceded it, you feel that "much more shall we be saved by his life."

You certainly ought to be sound on the doctrine of the Trinity and of the person of Christ, but you are far from being so. You said lately that you thought the miraculous birth of Jesus supported by the feeblest sort of evidence, and that some things in the New Testament even point against it; and, though you think some of the miracles fairly well supported, you explain many others away or deny them outright. You insist that Jesus manifested to men the love of God in a greater degree than any other person that has ever lived; but that is different, by the breadth of the heavens, from saying that he is God. And, as for saying that the three are one, you frankly confess that, if you accept the doctrine at all, it must be because the ministers say it is true or because the creeds insist upon it, and not because you can either find it in the Bible or justify it by your reason.

And about the Bible. Ever since you began to read it you have entertained

doubts of its infallible inspiration, so many things appeared in it that seemed palpable errors. You discovered them first in matters of science or history; but of late you have found even some of its teachings on matters of religion rather hard to get along with,—for example, the doctrine of eternal punishment. And your last position is that the Bible must be used as we use any other good book, and that we must interpret it, and sometimes correct it, by the light that God has given us in our own faculties. You still hold it to be, indeed, of incomparable value to the religious life, and beyond doubt the crown of the world's religious literature; but that does not mean supernatural inspiration.

I might go much further, but I will not call up any more skeletons out of the graveyard of your religious beliefs. Here are quite enough for my purpose, which is, first to show you where you really stand. I think I have been fair in what I have said and believe I have not quoted anything here as your belief which you have not, at some time or other, expressed to me in person. Indeed, I have reason to think that on not a few points you would go decidedly farther than I have gone here, although you have probably never brought your changes of belief together as I have done. That would have startled you too much.

This, then, is your position, moderately stated. Now, where does the church to which you belong stand on these points? I know what you will say. You will say that your church has grown liberal, and that you seldom hear these objectionable doctrines preached from its pulpit. You will say that not half its members, nor the ministers themselves, any longer believe these old dogmas. That is simply saying that many others are as inconsistent as yourself. So much the worse for you all. It may be true that many persons, as individuals, have ceased to believe these things; but *as a church* they still uphold them. If your church stands for anything in the way of belief, it stands for precisely these things that many of you, as individuals, deny. Even the "Statement of Doctrine" recommended by the Congregationalists in 1883, which has been said to be the "low-water mark" of evangelical creed-making, either expresses or implies every one of these objectionable points; and the standards of the other churches are much worse. If what I say be not true, why does your church, and others like it, while affecting to be so liberal, set itself up as "evangelical" above those churches that have not only ceased to believe these old doctrines, but have ceased also to profess them, and have openly renounced them? Why does it stand aloof from them, as though contact might bring infection? Why does it refuse to grant even the common courtesies of giving and receiving members by letter, and of exchanging pulpits? If it has really grown liberal in doctrine, why is it not liberal in practice?

But you need not try to answer these questions. It would be difficult or embarrassing. In reality, your church is much less liberal than you think. It allows you, indeed, when once within, to hold what manner of heresy you like,—*if you will keep quiet about it.* It will even admit a known heretic on these points if he do not too publicly proclaim his heresy, for it has no court of inquisition. But, if you fondly think that the doctrines you have forsaken are also rejected by the body of the church, only declare openly and unmistakably your belief in them, and be undeceived. Suppose you take a class in Sunday-school, and devote yourself, as you have opportunity, to the truly prophetic task of demolishing these ancient forms of error, and replacing them by the truer thought of God and man and the future, which you have reached. Utter your broader vision of truth in the prayer-meeting kindly and wisely, but without equivocation. At the next church meeting, when new members are proposed, protest against their being required to assent to some of the articles of faith which you believe to be both false and wrong. You know full well that, if you do any one of these things, the guardians of the faith will arise. You will not be excommunicated. But you will be repressed, and made to feel how strong is the opposition to your views. Even those that think with you will speak with feeble voice, if at all. When your church speaks *as a church* on any of these questions, it invariably speaks the voice of the conservatives, and ignores the liberals like yourself.

You admit the truth of this, for you

have already often experienced it. But you tell me that the creed of the church will soon be revised. Yes: creed revision is in the air. All the churches are proposing it more or less boldly. But have you observed in what the revision consists? Do you know of a single instance in which assemblies or conferences or conventions have proposed to leave out, for example, the doctrines of eternal punishment or vicarious atonement or infallible inspiration of the Bible? Ah, no! all that is proposed is to leave out a few of the very grossest offences to reason or conscience; to bring the creeds up from the thirteenth century to the sixteenth, but not to the nineteenth.

You reply that, while this is true, and you have little or nothing to hope at present from the revision of your creed, yet you think your duty is to stay in the old church and help to make it broader, and that you do not mean, therefore, to leave the church until you are put forcibly out of it. You confess, then, that your position is inconsistent, but say that, in these questions, in which the Christian world is divided against itself, and doubters are looking to you for a sign, you will not take a stand which shall truthfully express your real convictions unless you are forced to do it by excommunication,—that is, never. For shame!

O my friend, I pray you, for the sake of your own conscience, and yet more for the sake of the unbelieving world, be true to your convictions, and delay not to express them in no uncertain voice. Be at least as scrupulous to avoid all false appearances in religion as you would be in business or society. There are many in the world about you who would gladly enjoy the consolations of religious faith; but they cannot accept the creeds of the churches, and—all honor to them for their candor!—will not assent to them, as so many do, while making mental reservations. I meet them, and have letters from them constantly. They would gladly call themselves Christians if they could, but Christianity means to them a system of incredible and revolting doctrines. And so they stand outside it, supposing themselves to be infidels, though they have deeply religious natures, which only need a channel for expression. Your highest duty is not to stay in the old church in order that, some generations hence, it may be broad; but stand *to-day* where you may bear witness to a liberal and reasonable form of Christianity before those whom the present position of the church compels to be aliens from the commonwealth of Christ. The choice for you is not between staying in the Christian Church and going outside of it, but between staying in a church many of whose distinctive beliefs you deny and going to one whose beliefs you can accept,—between holding a position which is both untrue to yourself and misleading to others, and taking one which expresses your own convictions, and offers them to others without hindrance. I know by experience how painful it is to sever old ties and the tenderest associations of one's life; but, when you have once done it, you will come, believe me, into a peace and joy and growing freedom which as yet you have never dreamed of, and which will seem to you as sweet as the free breath of heaven does to one set free from a prison cell.

Portland, Ore.

IN THE WEST.

What impressed me most in Salt Lake City was the mud. As the Lord is round about his people, so the mountains are round about Salt Lake City; and the mountains were a perpetual wonder and delight. The situation of the city is marvellously beautiful: even that of Denver does not compare with it. But, while I have seen mountains higher than the Wasatch, I have seen no mud as deep as that in the great Mormon city. Here it was a Serbonian bog, and there it spread out into shallow lakes, inviting inland navigation. This condition was largely owing to the fact that the streets were ploughed up last fall, with a view to their being paved; but for some reason the paving was postponed. In Salt Lake City Mormonism is the engrossing theme; and the 6th of April, on which I write, is the day on which the Mormons dedicate their temple which they began to build in 1853. Rumors of its cost vary from three to five million dollars. A good architect has said that he could build it for half a million, and a much more beautiful building I doubt not, for so much. It is not beautiful, but clumsy and uncouth. It has been built in such a primitive, unbusi-

ness-like way that its actual cost has probably been twice as much as it need have been. The rest has found its way into the pockets of the high priests of the Mormon Church or gone for lobbying at Washington. We hear much of Mormon honesty, and of the subject classes none too much. But the Mormon temple probably represents as much dishonesty as any hundred of the costliest Christian churches in the United States. This contrast between the subject classes and the ruling powers is general. The former are sincerely superstitious and fanatical in their beliefs, truthful and honest in their lives. The latter know well enough that their system originated in fraud, and their ecclesiastical pretence thinly masks their sordid selfishness and their political ambition.

Whatever Mormonism may once have been or may now be in the farming districts of Utah, in Salt Lake City to the casual observer it is now out at elbows, "down to heel," with nothing of that comfortable tidiness which we associate with religio-economical experiments. The headquarters of the Church are altogether tasteless; and their shabbiness extends to the officials, whose average expression is that of Northcote, as described by Fuseli,—"He looks like a rat that has seen a cat." The Mormon tabernacle is also ill-kept. The audience was immense,—some eight or nine thousand; and I have seen no other such great aggregation of people that yielded such an impression of defective intelligence and vulgarity. And, if it was the odor of sanctity that the unventilated mass emitted, that of roses is to be preferred.

I came prepared to find a people that had wrought industrial and social wonders in the desert, but I found them miserably unprogressive, dull, and slow; and I came to the conclusion that a mixed population, such as settled California and other sections of the West, with scalawags and cut-throats not a few, would have accomplished more in half a century than the Mormon saints have done. The talking at the tabernacle was by two of the most exalted leaders of the hierarchy; and part of it was very good, —a simple plea for the saints to acknowledge and forgive their trespasses as the best possible preparation for entering the new temple. There was a clear injunction not to expect the immediate coming of Christ to occupy its sacred courts. The administration of the communion service went on simultaneously with the preaching. The use of water instead of wine must be a great saving; but, had it been *Lacrymæ Christi*, it could not have been drunk more eagerly. What pleased me most was that the babies had their little sip.

Preaching for Mr. Utter morning and evening, I found a congregation at the former service of nearly five hundred people, good faces, good listeners, so sober and devout that they made the theatre a church. They ought to have a church, and doubtless would if the bias of the silver question were not so depressing on the local mind. More than one hundred families are counted, and more than two hundred and fifty persons have signed the parish roll. The society is self-supporting; but the post is one of so much strategical importance that it should be held and strengthened at whatever cost. As between the Mormon and the evangelical Christian, all the logic is upon the Mormon's side. If one supernatural revelation, why not another? If the Christian revelation in spite of evidence, why not the Mormon? It is only on the ground of rational religion that the Mormon can be fairly met and overborne.

Very beautiful were the mountains beyond Salt Lake, as we resumed our Western way thinking how kind the new friends had been to us, to say nothing of the old. Then came the desert; and, though I had thought nothing could be more harsh and barren than certain stretches of Colorado, those of Western Utah and Eastern Nevada made the former seem a garden of the Lord. I have never seen a country that so realized the horrors of Robert Browning's poem of Childe Roland's fearful quest. We made the most of every sign of life. It so happened that, coincidently with the utmost horror of the scene, I was reading, in Royce's "History of California," of the men of '49, and of their trials and their tragedies on their way across the plains. I shall never read of them again without an aching heart. They could not go so far in a day as we went in an hour, and these uncompeting railroads are as leisurely in their motion as a district telegraph-boy or Western Union messenger in New York. A fellow-passenger had made the journey with his parents in 1852, and the journey from Illinois to California was six months long. A glimpse of the Donner Lake, as we climbed the eastern slope of the Sierras, brought the awful sorrows of the famous Donner party

to our mind. Then came that abomination, the snow-sheds, for forty-two miles, with aggravating glimpses of the splendors that they snatched away. But soon we were wriggling down from height to height until we found the foot-hills green as emeralds and the peach-trees blossoming, and then the valley of the Sacramento luscious with infinite grass and beautiful with all the signs of ordered industry. At Sacramento Mr. Horner, our minister there, met us with a cordial greeting. So inundated was the valley that any scarcity of water in California seemed a myth for the most credulous to entertain. It did not seem so on the way from the San Joaquin Valley to Los Angeles a few days further on. At Oakland the train had not fairly stopped before Mr. Wendte was on board,—another inundation, but this time of interchanging talk and cordial invitations to do this and that, and plans for work and play. He stayed by us while the ferry-boat forged across the bay. Soon we had made the last mile of our 3,609; and, as we came up to the landing, there was Dr. Stebbins looming up out of the crowd, and Mrs. Stebbins on his arm, and not long afterward we were at home once more, though not the Atlantic, but the Pacific was our neighboring sea.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

A HAPPY MEETING.

Day after day went gladly by,
  And night to night new splendors lent,
As from the East we sought the West,
  And spanned the mighty continent.

At length the happy goal attained,
  The blue Pacific at our feet,
What magic changes all around
  Our senses charm, our vision greet!

Its golden globes amidst the green
  The orange hangs like fairy lights,
The poppies flame in every mead,
  Fresh wonders crown the novel heights.

All new and strange! — until one day,
  Beneath the live-oak's generous shade,
A little flower I chanced to spy:
  No prettier flower God ever made.

Then straight the landscape swam in mist,
  Mountains and sea were lost to view,
I trod the Atlantic's rocky shore
  And saw the things my boyhood knew.

There had I plucked this tiny flower
  Or spared it in its narrow place,
Long, long ago, and wondered much
  At such a happy little face.

So far away, and yet the same!
  And, if the truth I dare to tell,
I could have kissed its ruddy bloom,—
  That sturdy little pimpernel.

For to my heart a message sped
  From out the bosom of the flower,
Which shall not fail for many a day
  To cheer me with its gracious power.

A sign and symbol shall it be
  Of humble things, which, though we range
From farthest East to farthest West,
  Like God are sure, and never change.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

TWO LIBERAL MINISTERS' INSTITUTES.

Two events which seem to us of considerable importance have recently taken place in the Central West. We refer to the two Liberal Ministers' Institutes lately held in Madison, Wis., and Ann Arbor, Mich., the former in January last, and the latter some ten days ago, April 18 to 20. We have held a Unitarian Ministers' Institute in the East biennially for some years past. Our Universalist brethren have had various similar meetings both in the East and the West. But these Institutes in Madison and Ann Arbor are the first ever held, so far as our knowledge extends, embracing Unitarians, Universalists, Independent Congregationalists, and others, without reference to denominational name.

Of the Wisconsin Liberal Ministers' Institute we will not speak farther here, as we gave a brief report of it at the time. But the Michigan Institute is so recent, and was so full of good things said and done, and of the spirit of brotherhood, that we must give our readers at least a brief glance at it.

The committee which planned and arranged for it were Rev. James Gorton of Tecumseh, Universalist, Rev. W. F. Dickerman of Lansing, Universalist, Rev. W. D. Simonds of Battle Creek, Independent Congregationalist, and Rev. J. T. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, Unitarian. All the Universalist, Unitarian, and other liberal ministers of the State were invited to attend and take part; and nearly all responded, the total number present being twenty-seven. In sending out its invitations, the committee said: —

"This Institute is an effort to draw all the liberal ministers of the State into fuller acquaintance and warmer fellowship. It is

believed that, notwithstanding our different church or denominational names, the cause we all have at heart is one and the same. Why, then, should we not come into more active co-operation? In isolation and division are discouragement and weakness: in sympathy and union are inspiration and strength." It was in this spirit that all came together, and in this spirit everything was done and said from the first word to the last.

The Institute was planned with the interests and needs of the ministers primarily in view: hence the themes discussed during the day sessions were largely such as pertained to the minister's work. Some themes, however, were of general interest. The evening sessions were popular in their nature. To these the public was invited, and excellent audiences came out.

Rev. Charles Fluhrer of Grand Rapids was chosen president of the Institute, and Rev. H. T. Root of Grand Haven and Rev. G. A. Sahlin of Benton Harbor secretaries.

Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago preached the opening sermon, taking for his subject "The Larger Gospel." After the sermon a reception in the church parlors was given to the ministers by the Ann Arbor society, thus offering an excellent opportunity for all to get acquainted,— an opportunity much appreciated, since this was the first time the liberal ministers of the State generally had ever met.

There were brief morning devotional meetings, led by Rev. W. L. Gibbs of Concord and Rev. W. S. Goodell of Portland. Rev. S. R. Calthrop of Syracuse, N.Y., read a masterly paper on "The Primitive Gospel [which he identified essentially with our Mark] and its Life of Christ." There were addresses upon "What to do with the Children of our Parishes," by Rev. H. L. Thornton of Lapeer; "What to do with our Young People," by Rev. D. Rowen of Detroit and Rev. M. L. Estey of Decatur; "The Funeral Service, and how to conduct it," by Rev. W. A. Taylor of Jackson; "Burial Usages and Funeral Reform," by Rev. J. M. Getchell of Marshall; "Mid-week and Other Social Religious Meetings," by Mr. C. S. Udell of Grand Rapids and Rev. H. N. Couden of Port Huron. All these were accompanied with discussions, some of which were unusually animated, interesting, and suggestive.

Perhaps the central subject of discussion in the Institute, and the one to which most time was given, was that of "Reasons for Co-operation among all Liberal Christians; and Practical Methods of such Co-operations." The discussion of this theme was opened by short addresses by Rev. James Gorton of Tecumseh, Rev. J. Merrifield, of Scotts, Rev. W. D. Simonds of Battle Creek, and Rev. G. W. Buckley of Sturgis, urging that Unitarians, Universalists, and Independent Congregationalists, all preach essentially the same gospel, and are trying to accomplish essentially the same results in their work by essentially the same methods, and therefore ought to cultivate the feeling of unity and brotherhood, and put forth efforts for practical co-operation, to an extent far greater than they have ever done in the past.

An interesting feature of the Institute was that of two addresses by laymen; namely, by Hon. S. W. Hopkins of Mt. Pleasant, president of the State Senate, and Prof. Austin George of the State Normal School, Ypsilanti, on "The Kind of Preaching needed To-day, as Laymen look at the Matter." These gentlemen of the pews gave their brethren of the pulpit some excellent hints and suggestions, not to say advice, which it is hoped the latter will lay well to heart.

Rabbi Louis Grossman of Detroit gave an address upon "Reformed Judaism, and its Relation to Liberal Christianity." Dr. V. C. Vaughn of the university was down on the programme for a paper on "The Duties of Ministers in Relation to Public Health and Sanitary Science"; but, being unavoidably absent in the East, Mr. Laurence Gronlund, the distinguished writer on socialism, took his place, and gave a very able, if not wholly convincing, lecture on what he called "The Moral Regeneration of the Nation," setting forth strongly the leading arguments in favor of a somewhat modified form of socialism. Thursday afternoon was mainly devoted to a visit to the library, art gallery, museums, and laboratories of the university, under guidance of Profs. Pettee, Greene, and Hall. At the two evening platform meetings the subjects were, respectively, "Religious Progress" and "Salvation," with addresses upon the first by Mr. Calthrop, Rev. Howard MacQueary of Saginaw, and Dr. Fluhrer, and upon the last by Mr. Dickerman, Mr. Root, Mr. Sahlin, Rev. Caroline J.

Bartlett of Kalamazoo, and Rev. Lee S. McCollester of Detroit.

I think it was the general feeling at the close that the Institute had been a very gratifying success, and ought to be followed by many more such gatherings in the future. Prompted by this feeling, the following resolutions were passed unanimously and with much enthusiasm at the final session:—

Resolved, That we desire before separating to express our sense of the value of the opportunity which this Institute has afforded the liberal ministers of the State, for the first time in their history, to meet and form each other's personal acquaintance, and to confer together upon great subjects of common concern.

Resolved, further, That, in our judgment, it will be practicable and wise to plan for a similar Institute next year; and we hereby appoint as a committee to make arrangements for the same the following-named brethren:—

Rev. W. D. Simonds, Battle Creek, Rev. Charles Fluhrer, D.D., Grand Rapids, Rev. Howard MacQueary, Saginaw, Rev. H. T. Root, Grand Haven, Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, Kalamazoo, Rabbi Louis Grossman, Detroit, and Mr. Giles B. Stebbins, Detroit.

It is to be hoped that the example set by the liberal ministers of Wisconsin and Michigan in these two Institutes will be followed in other States. Nothing came out more clearly in the Ann Arbor meetings than the fact that at least Universalists, Unitarians, and such independent churches as those of Dr. Thomas and Prof. Swing in Chicago and Mr. Simonds of Battle Creek, and others, are absolutely one in their central thought, their aim, and their spirit. Why, then, should they submit to the continued weakness of separation and isolation, when they may have, if they will, the added strength that comes from comradeship and co-operation? The liberal Christian cause in this country would be strong in numbers and in influence if it presented a united front. It will be weak and comparatively uninfluential so long as it remains divided. Let us all do whatever lies in our power to break down the spirit of sectarianism and distrust that is too strong among us. We claim to be liberal and broad. Let us be liberal and broad enough to subordinate party names to the great things which we have in common. We ought at no distant day to have national meetings as well as State meetings, bringing all liberal Christians together. J. T. S.

CHICAGO LETTER.

To admit that it is past the middle of April is to confess to another date by implication, the long expected first of May on which the whole world is supposed to have its eye fixed. As a patriotic citizen of the World's Fair city, I am bound to say, as the members of the directory do in published interviews, that everything will be ready on that day. The button will be pressed which sets the machinery in motion,—I have forgotten whether it is baby Ruth or the Infanta of Spain whose small finger is to inaugurate the great event,—the gate-keepers will be in their places, banners will wave and trumpets sound, hotel clerks bow and charge, and visiting victims pay. As a citizen of the world, with sympathies and interests all alive to the needs of everybody in general and nobody in particular, which is coming to be the approved spirit and method in all things, I do not see how this is to be brought about, or I should not see if the Fair were to be held anywhere else; but a fortnight from now we shall look back with delighted complacency to the scenes of unfinished turmoil and haste which now reign at Jackson Park.

Expectation heightens with regard to the coming Congress of Representative Women of which I spoke in my last. Clara Morris has consented to speak for her profession in the discussion on the Pulpit and the Stage, in which, as I wrote, Miss Bartlett speaks for Women in the Ministry. Miss Safford of Sioux City takes part in the programme for the 17th. The Federation of Women's Clubs holds a meeting Thursday, a reception being given in its honor in the afternoon by our Chicago club.

Our Western Unitarian headquarters has just finished its spring cleaning in preparation for the May conference and the summer influx of visitors from home and abroad. Members of the four Unitarian churches of the city have contributed to repair and refurnish the rooms; and freshly papered walls and newly carpeted floors will do their parti n presenting a homelike gather-

ing-place for the faithful. It will be of interest to the outside Unitarian to know that this work of keeping our Chicago headquarters in order has never devolved upon the conference, the money for the purpose always having been supplied in the form of contributions from resident friends. This is as it should be, since the city profits in its own way by such a centre, and should bear its special share of responsibility in maintaining it.

The hope of a new liberal organization of women in Chicago, gathered from all the liberal sects, of which I spoke in my April letter, has already blossomed into a near probability. A small company of women, representing the four Unitarian churches, met the other day, and appointed a committee on organization; and another and larger meeting will be called in the latter part of May, to perfect plans which so far have met the enthusiastic support of all those women who have become acquainted with them. It is too early yet to describe the exact character of the new society; but it is the wish of those most actively engaged in the work to keep it free from all denominational lines and entanglements, and to make the conditions of membership so easy, with a merely nominal fee and bi-monthly meetings, that no existing societies formed for missionary purposes need suffer from a sense of rivalry.

The annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference and its allied organizations will be held in Unity Church on May 16–19. As already announced in the *Unitarian*, the conference sermon is to be preached by Rev. S. M. Crothers of St. Paul. An interesting programme is preparing for the Western Conference, the Women's Conference, and the Sunday School Society; and it is hoped that our churches and Sunday-schools in the West generally will be represented.

The Chicago Ethical Culture Society held its tenth anniversary a few evenings ago, with a social reunion and banquet at Kinsley's. Mr. Mangasarian's work has been of a striking quality. He is an accomplished orator, speaking easily and with a pleasing mixture of earnestness and eloquence on high and important themes. He draws large audiences, which fill the Opera House in which the society's meetings are held. One most encouraging feature of these meetings is the large proportion of young men in constant attendance. The work of Sunday morning instruction of the young still goes on in a small hall in the centre of the city; but I understand Mr. Mangasarian has made it a condition of his continued stay here that there shall be a speedy extension of practical work, of a philanthropic and reformatory order. It is certainly much to his credit that he is unwilling the society should stand for a mere lectureship. It never has done so, but active inside work is as difficult to carry on here as in some of our churches. It is easier to be a listener of the word than a doer, wherever we are. The society recorded a hopeful innovation in its methods at this annual meeting by the election of a woman upon the board of trustees, Miss Juniata Stafford, a former teacher in our public schools and a trained thinker and worker, who will fill her new position with credit to herself and help to the work in which she is so deeply interested.

Miss Mila F. Tupper has resigned her pulpit in Grand Rapids, Mich., and will not at present resume preaching, having made arrangements to remain in Chicago for a time, taking up her residence in Hull House, that abode of happy, consecrated effort for the needy and unfortunate. Miss Tupper desires to study at this near vantage point those social problems in which her main interest lies, and some knowledge of which must enter into the modern minister's work. Another sign of the growing interest in this line of thought is the announcement of a new publication by Mr. Kerr, edited by Mr. B. F. Underwood, to be called *New Occasions*, which, we are told, will stand committed to "no one panacea, but will offer a free platform for all who have some particular suggestion to make, and can put it into concise and forcible form." The new venture will be placed at the low price of one dollar a year. Mr. Underwood's experience as editor of the *Index* has fitted him to conduct other journalistic enterprises of high and thoughtful character, and we wish the new magazine the success it will undoubtedly deserve.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

April 20.

THE COMING RELIGION OF HUMANITY.

[Dedicated to Rev. Thomas Van Ness.]

Like rising tide on waiting shore,
  Pure reason comes to gladden earth:
Its searching waves the shoals explore
  With beauty, strength, and priceless worth!

Like dawning day, it steals along,—
  Men wake surprised to find it here;
Like May, it brings both flower and song,
  And health and joy with it appear!

What glorious good its prophets see!
  What promise to the royal Now!
Its equal rights shall make us free;
  Where swords have clashed shall come its plough!

'Twill cure dark poverty and crime,
  Help mind with sunlight love and dew,
Teach all the happiness of time,
  And here and now our youth renew!

So Man was sent to conquer fate,
  To win this summer kingdom wide,
To drive away despair and hate,
  And be to men a help and pride!

We've strength to do the work we need;
  There is no good we cannot gain;
Such thought inspires heroic deed,
  And laughs at pictured toil and pain!

As Spring returns to bless the land,
  And change to life its sleep of death,
So Love and Justice hearts expand,
  And breathe in souls creative breath!

They teach the nations far and near
  To share what art and nature give;
They make a brotherhood sincere,
  And gain for every child to live!

Now men for this will dare to die:
  They'll pay demanded gift of grief
To consummate such glory high,
  And bring to wrong its prayed relief!

Behold the poor oppressed by power!
  Slave-toil of millions for vain wealth!
Ease revels like a summer flower;
  And vampire robs the people's health!

Away then greed that feeds the few,
  The shame that turns all gold to dust!
Away the wars long centuries knew!
  Come speeding on, O time of trust!

Be earth a grand united race;
  Join all to glorify the All;
Give Man majestic truth and grace;
  Obey Humanity's clear call!

So bondsmen shall free service find;
  Sad hearts shall rest and courage know;
True love shall fellowship each mind,
  And paradise about us grow!

It comes like Summer with her store;
  Like Autumn brings its fruit so fair
Its tide makes music on our shore;
  Its balm of bliss is in the air!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

LIBERAL CHRISTIANS.

The name "Liberal Christian" is a most significant and noble name. It may well be cherished, especially by all Unitarians and Universalists, for several reasons: 1. It interprets the deepest and best meaning of both Universalism and Unitarianism; 2. It unites not only Unitarians and Universalists, but with them the broader and more progressive minds of all other Christian churches, and many outside of all churches; 3. The word "liberal" means "free," in the original sense of the Latin words *liber* and *liberi*. The *liberi* in the Roman home were the children, as opposed to the slaves and domestics.

The Founder of Christianity teaches that all men sustain the relation of children to the Universal Father. They are all, not bondmen, but sons and daughters of Almighty God in a Father's home. Therefore, no theology nor religious corporation has any right in any degree to enslave, ostracize, or persecute them. They are *free*. "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." This species of freedom is not license. It puts all the children under the most sacred bonds of holy obedience to the Father, and under the most solemn obligations to find his truth and do his will. This is the only true liberty. License is not liberty, but slavery of the worst species. The true idea of liberty is that of the estate and relations of a child in a Father's home.

Let us, therefore, who prize the liberty we have in Christ, who cherish our freedom as children of God and brothers of all men, make more and more use of this noble name of ours,—*Liberal Christians.*

A. N. ALCOTT.

Elgin, Ill.

LIBERAL RELIGION AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The real religious exhibit of this year will of course be at the World's Congress, where during the weeks of September we can hear some of the most famous leaders of liberal thought from all parts of the world.

But there is also to be a religious exhibit at Jackson Park itself, lasting the whole six months of the Fair. In the Liberal Arts Building space has been allowed to various religious bodies, and among them to the "Unitarian Church of America." We are fitting up our space as a beautiful Greek temple, where we shall see the faces, not of the old gods, but of Emerson and Parker and Channing and other kindred souls. And the walls of the temple will be lined with the works of our liberal thinkers, both English and American.

The American Unitarian Association will send a complete set of its own publications as well as a collection of other religious books written by Unitarians. And we have word from England that the British and Foreign Unitarian Association will do the same.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society will have a full set of its Sunday School manuals on exhibition, as will also our Western Society, and it is hoped the Sunday-school Society of England. So that a visit to the spot will amply repay the Sunday-school worker. New methods and new manuals can be examined, and new hints received that ought to give our Sunday-school a great impulse.

We hope our teachers will not forget to visit the place. It will be a pleasant rendezvous and resting-place for all of the liberal faith, as it will be furnished with chairs and a centre-table containing all of our periodicals.

But its chief value will be as a great missionary work. Thousands of people who know nothing of free religion will pass its classic portals each day for six months. Many will look in and see the busts and portraits of the noble and honored men who have held our free faith. And, certainly, hundreds will enter and examine; and some of them may carry away thoughts which may prove a new revelation to them.

We should be thankful for any suggestion which would help make it more useful or attractive.

A. W. Gould,
Chairman of Committee.

Hinsdale, Ill.

Spring is a constantly recurring miracle, in the only sense in which that word ought ever to be used.

HELP FOR JAPAN.

Editors of the Unitarian:—

Referring to the letter from Clay MacCauley in regard to "The Immediate Need in Japan," I beg to say, Why not give the poor man as well as the rich an opportunity of subscribing to the fund for the Japan Mission, by calling for a dime collection to be taken up at all the Unitarian churches? The Roman Catholics and many of our Trinitarian churches have long since learned that small amounts are not to be despised; and I am inclined to think that the amount asked for, and considerable besides, would be forthcoming from such an effort. I enclose herewith ten dimes collected from friends to whom I suggested the idea.

I, with many others, would like to see the Unitarians come down from their pedestal, and try the dime collection for once.

S. W.

Buffalo, N.Y., April 18, 1893.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

Sunday.

Spring.

Who was it that so lately said,
All pulses in thine heart were dead,

Old earth, that now in festal robes
Appearest, as a bride new wed?

Oh, wrapped so late in winding-sheet,—
Thy winding-sheet, oh! where is fled?

Lo! 'tis an emerald carpet now,
Where the young monarch, Spring, may tread.

He comes; and, a defeated king,
Old Winter to the hills is fled.

The warm wind broke his frosty spear,
And loosed the helmet from his head;

And he weak showers of arrowy sleet
From his strongholds has vainly sped.

All that was sleeping is awake,
And all is living that was dead.

Who listens now can hear the streams
Leap tinkling from their pebbly bed,

Or see them, from their fetters free,
Like silver snakes the meadows thread.

The joy, the life, the hope of earth,
They slept awhile, they were not dead.

O thou who say'st thy sore heart ne'er
With verdure can again be spread;

O thou who mournest them that sleep,
Low lying in an earthly bed,—

Look out on this reviving world,
And be new hopes within thee bred!

—*Dean Trench.*

MONDAY.

The Springtime Story.

As little children gather round their mother,
And beg her a familiar tale to tell,—
One that is dearer far than any other,
Because so often heard, and known so well;

And as they watch her, prompting should she falter,
And any variation quickly see,
And cry, "Don't tell it so, don't change and alter:
We want it just the way it used to be,"—

So do we come to thee, O Nature,—Mother,—
And never tire of listening to thy tales.
Tell us thy springtime story now,—no other,—
That hath a wondrous charm, which never fails.

Tell it with all the old-time strength and glory,
Fill it with many a happy song and shout;
Don't miss one bird or blossom in the story,
Don't leave one daffodil or daisy out.

Tell us each shade in all the tree's soft greening,
Don't skip one blade of grass, one bee, one wren,—
Each little thing has grown so full of meaning,
In the dear story we would hear again.

O Mother Nature! thou art old and hoary,
And wonderful and strange things thou canst tell;
But we, like children, love the springtime story,
And think it best, because we know it well.

—*Bessie Chandler.*

TUESDAY.

"Ye shall Live also."

Say not of thy friend departed,
"He is dead": he is but grown
Larger-souled and deeper-hearted,
Blossoming into skies unknown.
All the air of earth is sweeter
For his being's full release,
And thine own life is completer
For his conquest and his peace.

Roll the stone from sorrow's prison
White-robed angel, holy Faith,
Till with Christ we have arisen,
And believe the word he saith!

Heaven is life to Life brought nearer;
Love withdraws more love to give;
Hearts to hearts in him are dearer.
"Lo! I live, and ye shall live."

—*Lucy Larcom.*

WEDNESDAY.

My Kingdom.

A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell;
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well.
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads;
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my will and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?

Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear!
Teach me to lean on thee, and feel
That thou art very near;
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since thou, with patience infinite,
Dost soothe and comfort all.

I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in *myself*,
And dare to take command.

—*Louisa Alcott.*

THURSDAY.

A Song for To-day.

Groweth the morning from gray to gold:
Up, my heart, and greet the sun!
Yesterday's cares are a tale that is told,
Yesterday's tasks are a work that is done.

Yesterday's failures are all forgot,
Buried beneath the billows of sleep;
Yesterday's burdens are as they were not,
Lay them low in the soundless deep.

Share thy crust, and ask no dole;
Offer the cup thou wouldst never drain;
Only he who saveth his soul
Loseth all that he fain would gain.

Smile with him who has gained his desire;
Smile the gladder if at thy cost.
It was his to win, and thine to aspire;
It is his to-day that loved the most.

Pluck the flower that blooms at thy door:
  Cherish the love that the day may send;
Cometh an hour when all thy store
  Vainly were offered for flower or friend.

Gratefully take what life offereth,
  Looking to heaven nor seeking reward:
So shalt thou find, come life, come death,
  Earth and the sky are in sweet accord.

—*Louise M. Hodgkins.*

FRIDAY.

Sweet Wind of the South.

We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south,
The touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth,
For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,—
Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod!
Up our long river valley for days have not ceased
The wail and the shriek of the bitter north-east,
Raw and chill as if winnowed through ices and snow,
All the way from the land of the wild Esquimaux.
O soul of the spring-time, its balm and its breath!
O light of its darkness and life of its death!
Why wait we thy coming? Why linger so long
The warmth of thy breathing, the voice of thy song?
Renew the great miracle! let us behold
The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled,
And Nature, like Lazarus, rise as of old!

—*John G. Whittier.*

SATURDAY.

The Old Familiar Faces.

God does not send us strange flowers every year.
  When the spring blows o'er the pleasant places,
  The same dear things lift up the same fair faces:
The violet is here.

It all comes back,—the odor, grace, and hue;
  Each sweet relation of its life repeated;
  No blank is left; no looking for is cheated:
It is the thing we knew.

So after the death-winter it must be
  God will not put strange signs in the heavenly places:
  The old love shall look out from the old faces.

—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

As we go to press, the attention of all the world is turned toward Chicago, that city which without extravagance we may call the most remarkable on the face of the globe, and to that exhibit of the world's arts and industries which, in most respects, is certain to excel everything of the kind previously undertaken by man. By the time this reaches our readers the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 will be opened to the public. Not everything will be finished, yet more will be in order than the strongest and keenest-eyed will be able to see. No one therefore need delay his pilgrimage to this magic spot,—this place of endless surprises, beauties, wonders. Indeed, in some respects May will be the best month of the year for visiting the Fair. The weather will be likely to be comfortable, travel will be pleasanter than in the dust and heat of summer, and the attendants will be likely to be more attentive than later, when they have become wearied with their long service. Western Unitarians who wish to attend the annual meeting of the Western Conference will naturally select this month, though of course Unitarians living farther away will be likely to prefer September, the time of our own and the other great religious Congresses.

A pressing question with all who expect to visit the World's Fair is that of entertainment. Much has been said about extravagant prices for rooms and board. The truth is that, while there are in Chicago, as well as everywhere else, people who will cheat and drive sharp bargains if they can, the great majority of the people of Chicago are honest and honorable, and propose to deal fairly and honorably with their guests the coming season. Some of the first-class hotels will charge high prices for their best rooms, and entertainment in other fashionable quarters will be costly. Yet it is certain that there will be abundance of entertainment, at least for those who make intelligent provision for it beforehand, at reasonable rates. Thousands of good rooms in good localities, within easy reach of the Fair, are offered at from a dollar to a dollar and a half per day, and double rooms at from two to three dollars per day. And

meals can be obtained at reasonable prices at numberless good restaurants. Unitarians who would like rooms in Unity Building, among their co-religionists, will do well to send for circulars, giving prices, etc., to Mrs. R. H. Kelley, 1018 Chamber of Commerce Building. The *Union Signal* gives information of large and excellent provisions made by the W. C. T. U. for entertaining temperance people. The University of Chicago, situated near the World's Fair grounds, has just sent out announcements that during the summer months its dormitory rooms will be rented to persons visiting the Exposition at rates not higher than those mentioned above. (Address F. G. Cressey, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.) There is also connected with the directory of the Exposition itself a Bureau of Entertainment, through which fifty thousand or more persons may by correspondence obtain rooms beforehand in private houses, at various prices, but none of them extortionate. So that no one who exercises intelligent foresight need fear that he will not be able to secure entertainment at honest rates.

Prince Albert, to whose extraordinary breadth of mind and zeal in good causes the first World's Fair, in 1851, was mainly due, said at that time: "We are living at a period of wonderful transition, which tends rapidly to the accomplishment of that great end to which indeed all history points, the realization of the Unity of Mankind. Not a unity which breaks down the limits and levels the characteristics of the different nations of the earth, but, rather, a unity the results and products of those very national varieties and antagonistic qualities. . . . I confidently hope the first impression which this vast collection [of the world's industries and arts] will produce upon the spectator will be that of deep thankfulness to the Almighty for the blessings which he has bestowed upon us, and the second the conviction that these blessings can only be realized in proportion to the help we are prepared to render to each other by peace, love, and ready assistance, not only between individuals, but between the nations of the earth."

These are wise and noble words. Can any one doubt that a great world exposition like that which Prince Albert planned, or this which now opens to our vision within our own borders, is the greatest of all possible influences for peace, for brotherhood, for unity, and also for progress among the nations of the world?

Our Chicago Unitarian spring anniversaries (not the Unitarian Congress connected with the World's Fair, which is set down for September) will be held the third week in May (16th to 18th), in Unity Church. It is to be hoped that all our churches in the Central West will be represented by good delegations.

If any have not yet sent in their contributions to the conference treasury, they should do so within the next week. Action was taken by the conference last year which promised to restore unity among the Western churches, which have been seriously divided for six years. The *Unitarian* earnestly hopes that nothing will be done at the coming anniversary to destroy that promise. We ought to be one. We can be, if wisdom, and not fanaticism, breadth, and not narrowness, shall prevail in our councils. We trust that the coming meeting will be one of real breadth, of real fraternity, of emphasis upon the great things instead of upon the small, of not the backward, but the forward look, of such generous faith in each other's sincerity of purpose and such zeal for the common cause as will confirm and make permanent the union formed last May. For further information about the Chicago May meeting see "News from the Field" and Mrs. Woolley's "Chicago Letter."

The exhibit of Unitarian literature at the World's Fair, to which attention is called on another page, will be a matter of interest to all our readers. If it is made as complete as is planned, it will prove a surprise, not only to non-Unitarians, but to Unitarians themselves; for few even in our own ranks are aware how large and rich is the contribution which our faith has already, even in its short history, made to the literature of the world.

We mention on another page a missionary visit which Rev. S. R. Calthrop of Syracuse, N.Y., has just been making in Michigan, rendered possible by a fortnight's exchange of pulpits with Mr. Sunderland. In Ann Arbor Mr. Calthrop preached four times,

lectured twice before the Unity Club, and gave one paper and one address before the Liberal Ministers' Institute lately held there. Besides this he lectured at Grand Haven, Grand Rapids, and Jackson. It is hardly necessary to say that everywhere he instructed, impressed, and delighted the people, and suggested the very pertinent inquiry, Why is it that a minister with such splendid intellectual furnishing, and such power to instruct and inspire, is not heard oftener and more widely among our churches? It is far too wasteful to confine such a man to one church. The very least that is fitting would seem to be that he should be released from his own pulpit for at least one or two months a year, to make tours among our societies in all parts of the land. Especially ought he to be heard often in our leading college towns. The tours through the West made in times past by Brooke Herford, Edward Everett Hale, Mr. Savage, Secretary Reynolds, and others, have constituted one of the most valuable kinds of missionary work ever done in our history. Probably in no other way can the seed of our liberal gospel be sown in so many minds in so short a time and with the same outlay of money and labor. Let us have more of such missionary work.

The annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association will be held in Boston on Tuesday, May 30. All churches having contributed anything toward the funds of the Association for two successive years are entitled to representation by two delegates and the minister.

The morning session will be devoted to the reports and regular business. Among other matters, we understand it will be proposed that the number of vice-presidents be increased to six or seven instead of two, as at present. If such a proposal is carried, and the new vice-presidents can be men who will attend with regularity, and be practically interested in the important measures brought before the Association, it would be a most desirable addition to the working force of the board of directors. As mere names, such new vice-presidents would only be an unnecessary ornamentation.

The afternoon session will be given to what may be termed an experience meeting on a large scale, as it is hoped that the following speakers will respond: Rev. John W. Chadwick for the Pacific Coast, Rev. Samuel Eliot for the Rocky Mountain Conference, Rev. John E. Roberts for the Western States, Rev. Joseph Waite for the Middle States, Rev. C. J. K. Jones for the Southern States, Rev. Clay MacCauley for Japan.

The mass meeting for the evening session is to be devoted to a few leading addresses on the general subject of "The Effect of the Civil War on the Religious Life in America." The speakers have not yet been fully secured; but it is expected that Rev. E. E. Hale, Rev. Robert Collyer, and Rev. George A. Thayer, with one or two others, will take the lead.

Departments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The matter of how to address Sunday-schools is growing more and more serious. The children are fed during the week on bright books and spicy papers, so that the element of dulness is very quickly detected. Then, again, even from their parents, children are apt to get the impression that any one who talks very much about religion is out of place. These features, together with an equally important one that the class exercises are liable to suffer when religious remarks prevail, lead us all, who have anything to do with Sunday-schools, into a sensitive and cautious attitude. Still, making speeches to Sunday-schools must go on. The question is, In what fashion? I suppose it will be necessary for those who would hit the mark to recall more and more certain guiding rules. For instance, that they must at least be vivacious in their manner; that they must talk neither above nor below, but just on a level; that it is never safe to start with abstracts, but, if they must be used, to be brought out at the end. Anecdotes, significant events, biographical gems — all this material stands in the front rank for use. It is better to begin from to-day and work back to the Bible than it is to begin from the Bible and work down to the moment. In other words, an address to a Sunday-school at the present time, to be effective, must be crisp, unstilted, hearty, and with a point. To all this add brevity. Not a few speakers have made use of the blackboard to great advantage. The old-time way of addressing a school is certainly being altered; but there is opportunity yet, instead of wholly

abolishing the feature, of aiding and inspiring the school by bright talks which shall not occupy more than five or ten minutes.

Many schools in the West have inaugurated what is called a series of "Red letter Days." They occur once a month, and at each time a class is made responsible for the due observance of that occasion. This class, through its members, provides decorations, recites pieces, and in various ways teaches the lesson intended. Such a "Red Letter Day" may be biographical, historical, or of a precept character. The objection which might arise in some schools would be that it encroaches on the time for instruction; but that is a matter for every school to decide, since there can be a great deal of instruction conveyed through this system of successive commemorations. The heart of the matter is that the plan stimulates interest. Sunday-schools fall into ruts. The great question frequently is how to vary the routine ways, and freshen the ordinary life of the classes. I can conceive of a calendar of "Red letter Days" which would embody a great amount of instruction, object-teaching, and also be the channel for a vigorous stimulus of new zeal on the part of teachers and scholars. But such a system requires skill and steady guidance.

Every now and then the question is raised, "Shall we teach the doctrines of Unitarianism in our Sunday-schools?" There seems to me to be but one answer, and that a decided "yes." The chief point I would make is that the raising of such a question seems superfluous. A similar question would not be broached for discussion in any other denomination under the heavens. And, instead of being a credit to us that we should be the exception, it seems to me discredit. If the Sunday-schools are not to teach, among other things, our beliefs, then they might as well be abolished and our children permitted to go to other Sunday-schools indiscriminately. If you take out the beliefs from any Christian faith, you take out the heart and very life. If you rear a child without a knowledge of central beliefs, what kind of a religion will that child have? If you send a sailor out on the ocean without a chart or compass, what kind of a voyage can he make? If you take the backbone out of the human being, what is there left of any value? What is a Christian church for, anyway, but to apply to life and institutions certain truths? Certainly, Sunday-schools should make a decided point of teaching the essential doctrines of Unitarianism; and just because we have been so dilly-dallying in this matter have we assumed a bleached aspect to the world. I suggest further topics of this kind: "Is it right to say to a child that we know anything?" or, "Ought we not to say to pupils, We think we believe, but are not certain?" "Do we really live, or do we think so," and similar astute titles. Jelly fishes may have their place in the order of creation, but they certainly are not the highest type; and jelly-fish churches or jelly-fish denominations are merely drifting material in the religious currents. It is possible to teach doctrine without bigotry; it is possible to teach doctrine without imprisoning the mind; it is possible to teach doctrines so that they shall always vitalize the character.

It is to be hoped that the Unitarian Sunday-schools will awake to the importance of having good music. Children like to sing, and the Sunday-schools of most churches recognize that fact. Music is a key-note sound in the preliminary services whereby the school obtains its rallying power. Music is one form of expression by which the Sunday-school feels that it has not come together in vain. Music is a quickener of the mind by which the pupils find themselves alert for the succeeding lessons. The Sunday-school music of course should be bright and inspiring; but there should also be joined with this kind more or less of the church order, whereby the young pupils learn the songs of the sanctuary. The entire range of music in the Sunday-school cannot be wisely given over to church hymns and tunes, but there should be such a wise admixture that all the time the rising generation are learning how to participate in the church worship. One great benefit of festival days is the element of music so largely introduced. The songs then learned perpetuate themselves, and are really quite often the best interpreters of certain religious sentiments and truths. Music brightens the whole life of a Sunday-school, and leaves an impression which is gracious and inviting, so that the scholar wants to return. The echoes ring in memory, and call him or her back.

A new Flower Service has been issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society of Boston, which contains in its twenty pages a fine variety of songs composed for this service, with original words. The exercises are also varied, and calculated to interest. The price is five cents per copy, four dollars per hundred.

A new catalogue has been issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society of all its publications, with announcements of books to come. A copy will be mailed to any address on request.

"Noble Lives and Noble Deeds" finished with the fortieth number. Rev. C. A. Allen's "Lessons" are also ended with the thirty-second. Rev. W. H. and M. J. Savage's leaflet lessons will continue through several numbers yet.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

GUILDS.

DISCIPLESHIP TO CHRIST.

Extracts from a paper read before the First Parish Guild, Dorchester, by William S. Jones.

Why are you a disciple of Christ? Why am I a disciple of Christ? I can answer the latter question better than the former. I look upon Jesus as a man among men, born as we are born, subject to the limitations of our common humanity,—"a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," but one who, in the providence of God, has been raised up to be the ideal man, and who, as such, transcends the limits of time, and is therefore "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

I believe that Jesus Christ is the Master of life. "I am come," he said, "that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." His mission is to give a new meaning to life, till men shall see its greatness. He is also the Light of the world. "In him was life," says the author of the beautiful, if mystical, Fourth Gospel; "and the life was the light of men." It is not so much what Jesus taught as how he lived that has made the deep impression upon men. Emerson says, "The name of Jesus is not so much written as it is ploughed into the history of the world."

The life of Jesus is helpful and inspiring to me, because it reveals the possibilities of my own nature. It is not a God whom I adore, but a man whom I seek to follow. When life's burdens seem too heavy to be borne, when the way of duty seems too hard, I gain new strength to carry the burdens, new courage to do my duty, by thinking of what Jesus Christ would do if he were in my place. . . .

It is not enough that you should believe that Jesus was a good man who lived in Palestine eighteen hundred years ago, whose mission was cut short by death. His mission is not ended: it is but begun. It will not be ended till "the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." Jesus is no dead, historic figure, but the "Christ, the Son of the Living God."

"No fable old, nor mythic lore,
  Nor dreams of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
  Of the oblivious years,—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
  A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
  And love its Galilee."

I think of Jesus Christ as present in the world to-day, the inspirer of all holy living. He is your Lord and Master, and mine, because in the brief time he passed on earth he lived the true life of a Son of God and a Son of Man, and "was obedient unto death, even unto the death of the cross." . . .

The life of a friend or true disciple of Jesus is a life of service and sacrifice. A life of service. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." "The royalty of service" it has been called. The motto of the present royal family of England, "Ich dien," "I serve," is a grand motto, even if some of the members of that family do not live up to it.

Christ calls his disciples to the service of their fellow-men. If we are true disciples, we shall not spend our time in merely seeking wealth, in simply living for pleasure, in only trying to cultivate our minds; but we shall be ready at any and at all times to "lend a hand."

If we once make up our minds that we will, by the help of God, walk in the footsteps of Jesus Christ and of all Christ-like souls, we shall find "that peace which passeth all understanding, which the world cannot give, neither can the world take away."

But this is an inward peace, and does not mean outward inactivity. It gives us calmness in moments of trial and danger, strength in the hour of temptation. We fear no evil, for God is with us. Around us is the Eternal Presence, beneath us are the Everlasting Arms. And so we follow "the Son of God as he goes forth to war," to war with evil, to make the highway of life "the way of holiness," and then we shall win "the victory that overcometh the world," the victory that comes to "the good soldiers of Jesus Christ for having endured hardness." . . .

The true disciple of Christ must carry religion into politics by seeing to it that the man who represents him, either in Congress or in the legislature, is a man who is trying to bring in the kingdom of God,—a man of sterling honesty as well as unquestioned ability. "Ah, yes!" you say; "but this is not practical politics." I say that it is. Was not George William Curtis, the true disciple of Jesus, "a practical politician"? If ever a man deserved the title of saint, George William Curtis did. He was no visionary fanatic, but a calm, clear-headed, high-minded man. He laid his life a willing sacrifice on the altar of civil service reform. Amid the sneers of partisans and the calumny of corruptionists he carried on his great work, and "future generations shall rise up and call him blessed."

The spirit of Christ is in all movements for social reform. Young men and young women, often university graduates, live in the slums, trying to find out how the people live, or rather exist, endeavoring to be in touch with "all sorts and conditions of men." These men and women, no matter whether they call themselves so or not, are true disciples of the Master; for they have

his spirit of service. It is not the men and women who in prayer-meeting say that they love Jesus, although they may have so little of his spirit, who are the true Christians, but those who have so great an enthusiasm for humanity that they give up their lives to the service of their fellows. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord! Lord!" says Jesus, "shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

A life of sacrifice. "He that would be my disciple," says Christ, "let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." It is so easy to indulge ourselves, so hard to deny ourselves! But the true disciple of Christ must deny himself, must be self-sacrificing. . . .

Sacrifice is a law of life. A mother sacrifices her own life to save that of her child. A father spends his days in hard toil that his family may have the comforts of life. A son gives up the hope of going to college to stay at home and earn enough to support an aged parent. A sister, longing for the advantages that come from a college training, bravely puts aside the thought, and saying, "My brother must have a college education," she earns, by distasteful work, it may be, money with which she helps pay his expenses.

Charles Lamb gives up brilliant literary prospects, spending his days in the drudgery of office work that he may have income enough to enable him to keep a home for his insane sister. George William Curtis, in order to pay his share of the debts of a firm of which he was a member, though not active in the management of the business, and which had failed, takes up the, to him, disagreeable work of lecturing, and does not rest till every cent of the indebtedness is paid. All saintly lives have been lives of sacrifice, "lives hid with Christ in God."

"Where now with pain thou treadest, trod
The whitest of the saints of God!
To show thee where their feet were set,
The light which led them shineth yet."

. . . . . .

About the historic figure of Jesus Christ centre the hopes and possibilities of humanity. In him our ideals are made actual.

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou.

. . . . . .

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they."

O friends, we need a deeper appreciation of the Master's life. We need his trust in God, his faith in man. Let us, then, try to live larger, deeper, and richer lives. Let us strive faithfully, day by day, to do the will of God, our Father. Let us endeavor to be true disciples of Jesus Christ, our Master.

The guild at Milford, N.H., reports special Lenten topics for the young people, —"Truth," "Object of Life," and "Young People and the Church." We learn that quite a number connected themselves with the church on Easter Sunday.

The guild at Concord, Mass., recently helped the church in two quite different services. One was the conduct of a parish tea-party under the charge of Mr. Ashley P. How, at which there was music. The other was a special Easter service in the evening, conducted by Mr. W. Lincoln Smith and Mr. Howard Jackson, the former giving a paper on possible proofs of immortality. There was considerable singing by the congregation appropriate to Easter.

On the evening of March 14 the meeting of the Guild of the Good Shepherd at Pittsfield, Mass., was devoted to the subject of "The Gods of Greece." The society meets on Tuesday evenings, and quite an elaborate announcement of questions is made out for each meeting.

The president of the Alliance had the pleasure of attending the first annual meeting of the guild at Chelmsford, Mass. The president of the guild, Mr. W. H. Hall, made an opening address; and the secretary, Miss Nellie Jefts, gave her report for the year. After recitations and music the president of the Alliance gave an address on "The Lesson of the Guild." Rev. Mr. McIlwain of the Methodist church of the town spoke on carrying religion into everything. Rev. Granville Pierce, minister of the church, took part in the opening exercises. After the benediction a collation brought to a close a very pleasant and helpful occasion.

There will be a delegate meeting of the National Guild Alliance in room 10 A. U. A. building on Saturday afternoon, May 6, at three o'clock. Let each guild and minister send two delegates, as we need to take steps toward holding our annual meeting in Anniversary Week. B. R. BULKELEY.

UNITY CLUBS.

In the April number of that bright and interesting monthly paper, the *Southern Unitarian*, which is published at Atlanta, Ga., with Rev. George L. Chaney as editor, we find an item about the club connected with the church in that city. It indicates of what value a club may be to a church.

"Among the aids to a better church life

in our church for the last two years we may number the 'Fortnightly Club.' It is a literary and musical club. Its name tells how often it meets. Probably no branch of the church's work has been better or more thoroughly done. Its membership is not confined to those who belong to us. At each and all of its meetings one is likely to find strange faces. Its work has been twofold,—to nourish a social feeling among members of the church and to interest strangers in our cause. At present its programmes are devoted to the classical composers. Two very pleasant and instructive evenings have been given to Mozart. At our next meeting a paper will be read, entitled, 'Reminiscences of Ireland and Scotland.' The average attendance is about forty-five."

Another attractive and stirring monthly paper is the *Pacific Unitarian*, which is published in San Francisco, with Mr. Charles A. Murdock as editor. In its very full reports of work among the churches in the Pacific States, frequent mention is made of the doings of the Unity Clubs and kindred organizations. The First Church in San Francisco has an Onward Club, which is attended by a good number of young people. One of the very best of all our clubs is the Starr King Fraternity of Oakland, Cal., which has recently had given before it four lectures on evolution by President Jordan of Stanford University. These lectures have proved very attractive, and have been attended by very attentive and appreciative audiences. Mr. Wendte's church also has a Unity Club, which has this winter had a series of evenings of foreign travel under the leadership of the minister. In Pomona, Cal., a successful Unity Club has been organized and maintained. At Ontario the Unity Club is prosperous.

None of the clubs we have thus mentioned have reported to the National Bureau in Boston, with one or two exceptions. In this we think they make a mistake. It is but a small task to send list of officers and programme, with an expression of interest in the Bureau and desire to be enrolled on its list of clubs. If all the clubs would do this, and give the Bureau their support, it could do a very much better work than it is now able to accomplish. It has the advantage of developing the full strength of the club's interest, and of ascertaining of just what value it is to the churches. A full enrolment of the clubs, and a full expression of their real value where established, would convert ministers and churches who now hold aloof; and every church would in a little time have its club in full activity. Nearly every church in the Pacific States has a prosperous club, doing excellent work. Why should not all these join hands with us to aid in making the work more valuable? We need their help, and we can give to them something of value. In mutual effort are wisdom and strength.

We are able to report that the club interest in our churches was never so prosperous or wisely managed as now. Some clubs have died, but, in every instance, because not wisely managed or because the amusement mania was all-powerful. Every club that has aimed at legitimate work has grown and prospered, if guided by judicious effort. The Unity Club is steadily becoming a distinct feature of our work. "It has come to stay." Nearly every new church now formed adopts it at once. It is recognized as having a place as important and necessary as the Sunday-school.

A much larger number of clubs than ever before has been enrolled as members of the National Bureau of Unity Clubs: the number is at least three times that of any previous year. More than twice as much money has been contributed as in any previous year, and by a much larger number of clubs. We trust this is an indication of the readiness of the clubs to fall into line and to co-operate with each other in some definite way. What does the Bureau do for the clubs? It reports the club work in the *Christian Register* and in the *Unitarian*. In this way all the clubs may know what all other clubs are doing. It affords aid to those wishing to organize new clubs by furnishing them with the printed constitutions, programmes, etc., of successful clubs. It prints outlines for study as often as its means will allow. It has aided during the last year several clubs in securing, at reduced rates, the books needed for study. It tries to keep the club idea constantly before our churches, and it tries to elevate and improve club methods. It serves to give definite purpose to a work that would go on very well without it, but in a more indefinite form. When it has the support of all the clubs, it will prove of much service to them in many ways, and fully justify its existence. GEORGE W. COOKE.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The Pierpont Memorial Service, prepared by the Unitarian Temperance Society, to be used on Sunday, April 30, has been well received. Several thousand copies have been sent out, and the day bids fair to be a marked one in many Sunday-schools and societies.

This is a service that could be used at any time as appropriately as the date mentioned; but it was thought best to suggest a date, to encourage harmony of action.

At the last meeting of the Executive Committee of the Unitarian Temperance Society

it was voted that the board of directors recommend the discontinuance of fermented wine at communion service.

This vote was passed after an earnest discussion. It was found that some parishes had already taken action and substituted unfermented wine, prepared specially for this object. Others had substituted water, while one prominent parish had discontinued the passing of the cup altogether, simply offering the bread.

The significant action of Dr. Edward Everett Hale,—substituting water for wine in the administration of communion at the National Conference at Saratoga, using the beautiful words of Jesus, "Whoso giveth a cup of cold water in my name shall not lose his reward,"—has led to the adopting of that method by several societies. It is to be hoped that the use of fermented wine—so offensive to many and so dangerous to some, and in any case questionable, in the attitude of the temperance reform to-day—may be discontinued in our churches.

The resignation of Rev. Christopher R. Eliot from the First Parish in Dorchester, if it means retirement or even a brief suspension of his active interest as president of the Unitarian Temperance Society, is an event to be deplored. The organizer, and so long the very soul of the movement, it would seem that he could not be spared. We hope that it only means he is going abroad to study this great subject of temperance, as well as other reform movements which are so close to his heart, that he may return refreshed and equipped, to take even a stronger hold than ever.

GEORGE HERBERT HOSMER.

WOMAN'S WORD AND WORK.

The sixth regular meeting of the New York League of Unitarian Women was held in Unity Church, Brooklyn, on Friday, April 7, at 11 A.M. In the absence of the president, Miss Isabel M. Chapman of Brooklyn presided. After the reading of the reports of the secretary and treasurer, the report of the Religious News Committee was read by Mrs. Joseph P. Hale of New York.

The subject for the day was Books and Reading.

1. Good and evil of novel-reading.
2. Influence of journalism on mind and morals.
3. Necessity for serious reading.

Miss Chapman introduced as the first speaker Mrs. James H. Morse of New York, who spoke somewhat as follows: —

Think of the power of a book! By a book I mean the record of thoughts which come again and again to the writer, a history or faithful chronicle, the record of study and research, of facts in science or principles in philosophy, of high thoughts and inspirations,— the volume which contains something worth remembering, something to go back to and read again, to have and to keep after it is read.

There are books which have given people education, that have made men and women,—books that have built something stronger than houses or churches or fortresses,—that have built *character*. The book that contains a truth so set down as to make the reader feel it cannot die. The writer dies, ages pass, but the book lives,—the truth is there forever. Who can reckon the storms which have beaten about the Book of books, the tempests, the wars, it has lived through, the blood that has been spilled for it, the martyrs who have suffered and died for it? How many laws were made to suppress it? But it cannot die. Tempests, wars, persecutions, and laws have passed by; but the Bible is the Bible still.

As ailments of the body send us at one time to the seashore, at another to the mountains, to one climate or another, so the sufferings or hunger, the vexations, troubles, and crookednesses of the mind, are benefited by different kinds of reading. Nothing is worse for anybody than monotony. No matter if it is the best, there is such a thing as getting an unwholesome amount of it. Bread is the staff of life, but "man cannot live by bread alone." If you leave children to select for themselves, they will generally read what is called sensational stories. Give them books like Oliver Optic's and Jules Verne's, which are perhaps the best of that class, and they will learn in less time than you can calculate to like Captain Marryat's stories, and from those drift all the way along a muddy stream to the *Police Gazette* and demoralizing literature of the railroad book-stands. It has been my good fortune to watch the growing taste of children who sailed in clearer waters. They were steered through such books as their healthy fairy tales, the Rollo Books, Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson, Cooper's novels, until they were safely moored at the good old stand-bys, the Waverley novels.

There is nothing better than a healthy novel, and nothing worse than an unhealthy one. Is it not a good test of a novel, or of any book, to ask ourselves after reading it, "What is left?" If it leaves me where I was before I read it, it has wasted my time.

As to the influence of journalism on mind and morals, Mrs. Morse felt that, since we cannot do without the newspapers, we should learn what not to read in them, and read only those we know to be the best.

Serious reading Mrs. Morse considered reading with a purpose, and without it all other reading is valueless.

Better than the inheritance of wealth, of worldly power, is the inheritance of a healthy mind. In that is given the grandest, most powerful material which Nature has to bestow upon us: with that she puts within our power the mightiest of all the world's possibilities. The strongest, safest friends we have to help us to its best use are books.

The second speaker was Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, of Scotch Plains, N.J., who treated the topic "Influence of Journalism on Mind and Morals." This was considered from two standpoints, that of the reader and that of the writer.

First, the reader's: the effect of so much reading of all kinds unsettles the mind and destroys a taste for good reading, besides awakening a morbid curiosity in regard to crime and scandal.

As to the writer's, Mrs. Hall felt that not too much blame must be put upon him, as the almost constant demand for haste in preparing the material made accuracy impossible, and the general lack of responsibility leads to much carelessness. Mrs. Hall regarded the influence of journalism as not wholly good, and felt that so much periodical literature destroyed the taste for solid reading.

Mrs. Potter of New Haven was the third speaker, and treated the topic "Necessity for Serious Reading."

The object of life is growth, or development toward perfection. Serious reading is any reading which is uplifting in its tendency, which brings to us new ideas or facts that stimulate the action of the mind, anything requiring study and application, requiring mental effort and concentration. And this kind of reading is necessary to our mental and spiritual growth, as physical effort is to the growth of our bodies. Books are the tools to be used in our mental and moral house-building, and it becomes important to understand their use. Read chiefly along the line in which you find your taste to lie, but not wholly. Read that which increases your understanding, and develops breadth of mind. Mrs. Potter illustrated very fully the points of her argument, and made many practical and helpful suggestions along various lines of reading. An excellent paper on "Reading for Children" was presented by Mrs. Cook of New York.

The discussion was closed by Miss Rounds of Brooklyn, who made a plea for the novel, the good novel, slowly read. After singing a hymn and repeating the Lord's Prayer, the meeting adjourned.

M. H. H.

LITERARY NOTES.

Prof. Sanday of Oxford has recently published with Longmans, Green & Co. a small book entitled "Two Present Day Questions." These two questions of chief importance are to him (1) "Biblical Criticism" and (2) "The Social Movement." Under the second head he says the first thing that attracts our notice is "the marked advance which has been made in recent years, both in the way of actual material improvement and also in the interest which the whole question or group of questions has aroused." While the learned and deservedly famous Higher Critic sees much ground for hope in all this, he is constrained to add that "the great danger seems to me to be the urging in practice of premature solutions."

Nathan Cree's "Direct Legislation by the People" is an exceedingly clear and fascinating study of the Swiss *Initiative* and *Referendum* with special reference to its adoption in a modified form by the United States. Mr. Cree believes that the freeman's "original right of direct self-government" should be restored to him in some practical, constitutional form. Several good results, it is argued, would follow from this. The long and pernicious delays between the expression of the popular will and its execution would be corrected. And, secondly, a vast amount of useless legislation would be dispensed with. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.00.

J. Schoenhof's "Economy of High Wages" is an inquiry into the "cause of high wages, and their effect on methods and cost of production." The book is strongly partisan; and its leanings may be gathered from those of Thomas F. Bayard, who furnished an introduction to the work. Yet it will be generally conceded that the author's method is the only correct one. He argues that a comparison of the wages paid to laborers in different countries means nothing at all until we have ascertained how much the laborers in question accomplish in a given time. In other words, investigation in this field must proceed on a comparative study of how the laborer is paid *by the piece.* Mr. Schoenhof believes that in England, France, Germany, and the United States the rate of wages has been gradually rising during the last twenty-five years, while the price of commodities and provisions has been as steadily declining. This is largely due to the overthrow of the creed of the old manufacturers; to wit, that the more ignorant the laborer, the better his labor. Cheap labor is ignorant labor; and ignorant labor, in its lowest terms, is either the inability to *get* work or the absence of a desire *to* work.

Ultimately, he who desires to work and can make himself useful may find work. It is skilled labor that must bring wages up. No artificial system can accomplish this. But, if the wages of the skilled laborer rise, the wages of the ignorant laborer must decrease. The economy of high wages, then, is the economy of mental and moral force. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

A book that is destined to supplant some of the older books on a kindred subject is Rev. F. M. Sprague's "Socialism, from Genesis to Revelation." It traverses the whole ground. The author shows marked familiarity with the best authorities on the subject, and has made a very interesting and stimulating book. Though a Congregationalist minister, Mr. Sprague is an ardent advocate of socialism. He is not so careful in his statements as Prof. Ely, and many of his positions will seem extreme to the admirers of Laveleye and Rae. With some minds extreme exaggeration is necessary; but still it may be doubted whether it is wise to run counter to history, political economy, and ethics in such statements as "Labor is the source of all value," "Private capital is a social crime," "The rich are growing richer, and the poor poorer." There is a sense in which these statements are true, but they are not the whole truth. The moral and spiritual tone of the work are admirable; and, if it can be shown that socialism, communism, or nationalism could produce Mr. Sprague's ideal man in as large quantities as our modern individualism, we are ready to talk seriously with him on the matter of adoption. In any case, we are glad to read what he has to say. Lee & Shepard, Boston. $1.75. A. B. Curtis.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor has revised her husband's "History of Germany," and the new edition will soon be published by Appleton.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, announces a new "Service for Flower Sunday," with new songs and other new features. Price 5 cents.

Every lover of justice should read James Freeman Clarke's sermon on "The Crusade against the Chinese," published by Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.

The current numbers of the *Unitarian*, and also a complete file from the beginning, bound, may be found in the Liberal Arts Building of the World's Fair, in connection with the Unitarian Literature Exhibit.

Mr. Sunderland's new book, "The Origin and Growth of the Bible, and its Place among the Sacred Books of the World," which is passing through the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, will be ready for the public in a week or so.

Rev. James De Normandie's excellent Memorial Sermon upon Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, has been published by Damrell & Upham, Boston, and may be obtained (handsome white leatherette binding) for 25 cents a copy.

Lord Tennyson's life is being written and compiled by the Hon. Hallam Tennyson. A chapter is to be written by Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, author of "London Lyrics" and compiler of the "Lyra Elegantiarum." It will be mostly personal reminiscence.

Prof. John Fiske will deliver the opening address at the first university extension summer meeting, to be opened in Philadelphia, July 5, under the auspices of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching.

The Hibbert Lectures for 1893 are to be delivered by Prof. C. B. Upton, Professor of Philosophy in Manchester New College, Oxford. Their subject will be "The Bases of Religious Belief." The lectures will be given as usual both in Oxford and London, and then will be printed in a volume.

Charles H. Kerr of Chicago, who has for some years been the publisher of *Unity*, has withdrawn from connection with that periodical, and has established himself at 175 Monroe Street, where he will continue the publication of liberal, scientific, and miscellaneous books. The office of *Unity* remains at 175 Dearborn Street.

Peterson's Magazine, Philadelphia, $2.00 a year.—This periodical began a new series in January, 1893, and certainly exhibits a remarkable success. Its contributors are among the leading writers of the day. Its illustrations and reproductions are as perfect as can be found in the highest-priced monthlies, while the excellent arrangement and variety of its subject-matter and departments give it exceptional value for the general reader. With its tastefully colored frontispiece every month, its fine paper and clear typography, it is a wonder. The department entitled "By the Fireside" has a peculiar interest for us, from the fact that it opens each month with an article from Rev. Minot J. Savage.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Gospel of Paul. By Charles C. Everett. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, $1.50.

Civilization's Inferno. By B. O. Flower. Boston: Arena Publishing Company. Paper, 50 cents.

Ideal Suggestion through Mental Photography. By Henry Wood. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, $1.25.

Tools and the Man. By Washington Gladden. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, $1.25.

Socialism and the American Spirit. By Nicholas P. Gilman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, $1.50.

Christianity and the Roman Empire. By W. E. Addis, M.A. London: The Sunday School Association. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians. By James Drummond, LL.D. London: The Sunday School Association. Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Studies of Some of Robert Browning's Poems. By Frank Walters. London: The Sunday School Association. Cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Co-operative Commonwealth: An Exposition of Socialism. By Laurence Gronlund, M.A. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, $1.00.

McQuaker Trust Lectures. By P. H. Wicksteed, J. E. Carpenter, and John P. Hopps. London: British and Foreign Unitarian Association. Cloth, 2 shillings.

Regni Evangelium. A Survey of the Teachings of Jesus Christ. By Edwin P. Barrow. London: Williams & Norgate.

Prayer. By Rev. George H. Deere. Boston: Universalist Publishing House. Cloth, 25 cents.

Bible Studies. By Henry Ward Beecher. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Cloth, $1.50.

A Modern Catechism. By Ursula N. Gestefeld. New York: Lovell, Gestefeld & Co. Paper.

The Dawning Day. By John H. Dewey, M.D. New York: E. L. C. Dewey.

Members of One Body. Six Sermons by Samuel M. Crothers. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. Cloth.

THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

We name below some of the more important articles in the magazines and reviews of the month:—

The Atlantic Monthly (April).

My College Days. II. By Edward E. Hale.

Vittoria Colonna. By Harriet W. Preston and Louise Dodge.

Phillips Brooks. By Alexander V. G. Allen.

Architecture among the Poets. By Henry Van Brunt.

The Sanitarian (April).

Cremation and its Importance in Cholera. By Robert Newman and others.

Disinfection against Cholera at Quarantine Stations. By George M. Sternberg.

Clothes. By Herbert Maxwell.

Mineral Springs of Georgia. By A. N. Bell.

The Arena (April).

The Social Quagmire and the Way Out. By Alfred Russel Wallace.

The Modern Expression of the Oldest Philosophy. By Katharine Coolidge.

The Tenement-house Problem in New York. By Eva M. Valesh.

Compulsory Arbitration: A Reply to Dr. Abbott. By Chester A. Reed.

A Poet of the People. By B. O. Flower.

The Century Magazine (April).

The Chicago Anarchists of 1886: The Crime, the Trial, and the Punishment. By Judge Joseph E. Gary.

A Tree Museum. By M. C. Robbins.

Letters of Two Brothers. Passages from the Correspondence of Gen. and Senator Sherman.

The Princess Anne. By M. O. W. Oliphant.

Margaret Fuller. By Josephine Lazarus.

The Review of Reviews (April).

The Progress of the World.

Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet. By Woodrow Wilson.

The Boyhood of Grover Cleveland.

Dress Reform at the World's Fair.

Scribner's Magazine (April).

An Artist in Japan. By Robert Blum.

Unpublished Letters of Carlyle.

The Cities that were forgotten. By Charles F. Lummis.

A Glimpse of an Artist. By Viola Roseboro'.

International Journal of Ethics (April).

The Relation between Ethics and Economics. By J. S. Mackenzie.

Self-development and Self-surrender. By Mrs. Sophie Bryant.

The Principles and Chief Dangers of the Administration of Charity. By Bernard Bosanquet.

The Ethics of an Eternal Being. By Thomas Davidson.

Reform within the Limits of Existing Law. By William M. Salter.

Freedom: Its Relation to the Proof of Determinism. By Sidney E. Mezes.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the* 18*th of the month.*]

Rev. Ernest F. Borchers, formerly of the Congregationalist ministry, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval,

is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches. W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Ann Arbor, Mich.—The Unitarian church has enjoyed a rich treat in the presence with them of Rev. S. R. Calthrop of Syracuse, N.Y., during two weeks of April, in exchange with Mr. Sunderland. A very successful Ministers' Institute, which called together nearly all the liberal ministers of the State,—Unitarian, Universalist, and Independent,—was held here from the 18th to the 20th, an account of which will be found on another page.

Boston, Mass.—Last month we reported the resignation of Rev. E. H. Hall of the First Parish church in Cambridge, and this month we have to regret the resignation of Rev. C. R. Eliot of the First Parish in Dorchester. Both resignations were on the same grounds,—needed rest, change of occupation, and time for the refreshment of study. Mr. Eliot has for ten years devoted himself with most zealous and unflagging energy to the growing needs of his large parish, and simply feels compelled to seek rest. It is not too much to say that he is one of the most widely known of Boston ministers, and that everywhere throughout that extended circle he is not only esteemed, but beloved.

—Rev. Solon Lauer has resigned the pastorate of the Norfolk Street Church, intending to visit Southern California, and probably make an extended missionary tour.

—We give, under the heading of Brookline, an extended report of the dedication of the splendid new stone church which has been successfully completed through the industrious and inspiring efforts of Rev. Howard N. Brown.

—We had an enthusiastic gathering to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Young Men's Christian Union. The president, Mr. W. H. Baldwin, was overwhelmed with congratulations upon the splendid success that seemed to wait upon every branch and department of the Union's extensive work. The total membership now numbers 5,171; and the receipts for the last twelve months, together with balance on hand, reach the splendid figure, $84,236.03.

Bridgewater, Mass.— Rev. Charles A. Allen has received a call to become pastor of the Unitarian society here.

Brookline, Mass.—First Parish Church: The dedication of the new church, April 19, at Brookline was a marked event in the life of this old parish. A large congregation gathered, and among them were many ministers and representatives of neighboring parishes. The services were introduced by very impressive music, followed by the reading of Scripture by Rev. James De Normandie and the anthem, "Send out Thy light." Rev. Grindall Reynolds then made the prayer of dedication. Next the choir sang the anthem, "A Strong Castle is our God." After this came a very interesting part of the service. Mr. Moses Williams, chairman of the Building Committee, gave an address, and at its close, as he delivered the keys to the chairman of the Parish Committee, said, "It is appropriate that we should meet on this historic day to dedicate this church." He then spoke of the memories connected with the different churches, from the time when Isaac Gardner, a Revolutionary hero, died at Lexington, down to the present time. "When one hundred and eighty years more have passed," he concluded, "may the members of this church look back, and may they find that the spirit of the church was backed with enlightened Christianity!"

Mr. Charles H. Stearns, in behalf of the Parish Committee, on receiving the keys of the church, thanked the Building Committee for the faithful manner in which they have fulfilled the trust confided to them, and complimented them on the success of their efforts. He said, "I feel that the completion of the church marks a new era in the history of our society."

Rev. Howard N. Brown, the pastor of the church, next made an eloquent address.

The entire congregation then joined with the pastor in the service of dedication. The sermon was preached by Rev. C. C. Everett. The new building is probably the handsomest Unitarian church in the suburbs of Boston.

—Rev. C. D. Bradlee, D.D., has taken charge of the services of Christ's Church, Longwood, for the present; and a very beautiful order of service has been established there. It is hoped that a congregation will be gathered together which will become a permanent religious organization.

Castine, Me.—Rev. John F. Locke resigns his pastorate here in order to accept a very hearty call to Wolfeboro, N.H.

Chicago, Ill.—The programme of the Western Conference is now nearly completed. Announcement has already been made of Mr. Crothers's opening sermon Tuesday evening, May 16. The morning session, Wednesday, will be given to a devotional meeting and a business meeting, with an address by the president, secretary's report, and reports from the State missionaries. In the afternoon Rev. C. F. Dole of Jamaica Plain, Mass., will read a paper on "The Free Church, and What it will Cost," which will be followed by general discussion. In the evening Prof. A. W. Gould of Hinsdale, Ill., will read an essay on "The Relation of the Churches and Ministers to the Social and Economic Problems of the Day." Prof. Laughlin, who is at the head of the Political Economy Department in the

Chicago University, will lead the discussion; and Prof. Hale of the Latin Department will also take part. Thursday morning will be filled with the annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society. The afternoon will be used for a business session. The conference will close in the evening with a sermon by Rev. John W. Chadwick. It will be observed that the programme is not crowded, an end purposely sought by the committee, in consideration of the numerous attractions elsewhere, and the inevitable various outside demands upon visitors.

E. Weymouth, Mass.—Rev. J. W. Day of Hingham is to assume charge of the Sunday afternoon services here, in addition to his own services at the old First Parish, Hingham.

Helena, Mont.—Gov. Rickards has appointed Rev. J. H. Crooker, minister of the Unitarian church here, a member for six years of the State Board of Charities and Reforms. The law creating this board was drawn by Mr. Crooker last year, when he was chaplain of the Senate.

Kansas City, Mo.—The society of All Souls' Church has been prospering so satisfactorily under the able ministry of Rev. John E. Roberts that it is cause for congratulation to learn that Mr. Roberts has declined the flattering call to Unity Church, Denver. The sermons of Mr. Roberts form a prominent feature of the Kansas City papers every week, and carry the influence of his unusually stirring message of liberal faith far and wide.

Littleton, N.H.—Rev. S. B. Cruft of Boston has presented the First Unitarian Church of Littleton, N.H., with a handsome pipe organ. The organ was used for the first time at an organ recital and concert Saturday evening, April 15. Prof. George H. Ryder of Boston was the organist. The society is very much gratified with this most generous gift of Mr. Cruft's. The lovely little church is more beautiful than ever.

Rev. Robert Mitchell is taking hold most earnestly, and the many friends of this church in Littleton who have done so much for it are greatly pleased to learn of its good fortune.

Manchester, N.H.—The church has not been in so flourishing a state for many years. The congregations have been growing steadily and new people coming into the society. This year a long-standing debt has been paid off. New carpet and furnaces have been put in. The church is to be renovated inside during the coming summer.

A series of vesper services have been held, commencing March 1, and will continue until the hot weather. They are of a purely devotional character, and are designed to increase the religious life of the society.

Milford, N.H.—At the Unitarian church the Easter services were of an interesting character. The decorations were very beautiful, with evergreen and white flowers,—tulips, Easter and calla lilies being abundant. The baptismal font was tastefully decorated with vines and white flowers. The sermon was on "The Relation of Jesus to the Spiritual Life." At the close of the sermon the right hand of fellowship was given by the pastor to three persons. The Lord's Supper was then celebrated, opportunity being given for any to retire who wished to do so. Some seventy-five remained, a good portion of whom paticipated in the service. The new communion service, presented by Hon. Mark P. Emery of Portland, Me., was used. Wine was dispensed with, that no temptation might be presented by the church to young or old in the direction of intemperance. Water, the symbol of life and purity, was substituted for wine by unanimous approval of the members of the church. The services were very impressive. Several persons from Wilton were present to share in the exercises.

Nantucket, Mass.—The *Inquirer and Mirror* of April 8 prints entire a sermon on "Attainment and Aim," by Rev. Cyrus A. Roys, the minister of the Unitarian church; and another strong sermon by Mr. Roys, entitled "A City of Refuge," comes to us in pamphlet form.

New Haven, Conn.—Rev. W. R. Alger preached in Warner Hall a few Sundays ago with great acceptance. There is every prospect of a new and permanent Unitarian society here. Rev. E. E. Hale is to preach in May, and to be followed by Rev. M. J. Savage.

Pacific Coast.—The North-western Pacific Coast Conference expects to hold its next session at Seattle, Wash., May 3 to 5; and Rev. J. W. Chadwick of Brooklyn has accepted an invitation to preach the opening sermon and take part therein.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Rev. C. E. St. John preached on Wednesday evening of Passion Week to the congregation of Grace Reformed Church of Pittsburg. This was at the invitation of the pastor, Rev. J. H. Prugh, who has been in other ways very courteous to his Unitarian brother. The subject assigned to Mr. St. John was "Christ in Gethsemane." Other evenings of the week were occupied by Presbyterian and Methodist clergymen. Mr. Prugh assisted Mr. St. John in the service.

Our church here is making steady progress. Work on the church building will be begun before May 1, and it is expected to be ready for use by October.

Pittsfield, Mass.—The annual meeting of Unity Church was held on April 13. The

attendance was the best in the history of the church. Reports were read by the secretaries of the Flower Committee, Guild of the Good Shepherd, Sunday-school, Unity Publication Committee, Unity Workers, and the pastor. The report of the pastor showed that during the past year nineteen members had been added to the church, six lost by removal, and one by death. Rev. Mr. Horst has held twenty-five mission services in Great Barrington, preached three times (on Wednesday evenings) for the Universalists in Cheshire, once at the Universalist Conference in Westfield, besides taking part in union services and preaching the Fast Day sermon a week ago. "The fact that the pastor of Unity Church can stand in an evangelical pulpit in this city is a sign that some of the partitions which have separated this church from the sister churches are beginning to fall away." Mr. Horst officiated at five funerals and one wedding. Since our pastor's coming here, Aug. 1, 1891, he has made 979 calls, exchanged pulpits five times, and has taken three Sundays' vacation, which were supplied by Rev. W. W. Fenn. Unity Church is represented on the board of managers of the House of Mercy Hospital, of the Union for Home Work (of which Rev. Mr. Horst is president), and other institutions, and is this year for the first time entitled to delegates at the annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association.

Puyallup, Wash.—Our society has extended a one year's call to Rev. W. Mitchell, who has accepted the same, and will soon be joined by his family. Our church services are well attended twice each Sunday, and the Sunday-school is in fairly good condition; and our fine Sunday-school library, which lately arrived from Boston, will be of great value to teachers and scholars. We are now in possession of a circulating free library, to which anybody is welcome. The librarian is in attendance every afternoon and evening, and orthodox and liberal, old and young, seem to make alike use of the same. We have on our tables and shelves sixty-seven of the finest magazines and periodicals, and over forty books donated by the American Unitarian Association.

Our Ladies' Library Society has furnished the room with a nice carpet.

Saginaw, Mich.—The Universalist Society here is prospering under the leadership of Rev. Howard MacQueary. A $4,000 organ is soon to be placed in the church.

Salem, Mass.—The Barton Square Church, which has been without a settled minister since the resignation of Rev. F. B. Mott, who resigned more than a year ago in order to become pastor of the Third Religious Society in Dorchester, has now happily united in a unanimous call to Rev. Alfred Manchester of Providence. The society has shown remarkable enthusiasm and earnestness in its expressions of confidence in Mr. Manchester, and he has accepted the call in the same hearty spirit in which it was given. There is no doubt that a fruitful pastorate will result. Mr. Manchester is to be installed the second week in May.

Rev. George D. Latimer is to be installed as associate pastor with Rev. E. B. Wilson at the North Church early in May. With five Unitarian ministers in active settlement here, much new interest will undoubtedly be aroused.

St. Louis, Mo.—A handsome bronze tablet in memory of Dr. William G. Eliot, D.D., who was pastor of this church 1834–73, has been placed in the Church of the Messiah.

The usual Easter services marked the early days of April. Devotional meetings of the congregation on Sunday morning and joint Sunday-schools Sunday afternoon were held in the Mission Sunday-school at the chapel. The morning school held the annual Sunday-school Easter festival on March 31. After supper, in the parlors, the school participated in the ceremony of jug-breaking. The class jugs contain the mites contributed through the year in support of the hospital beds, one of which our school maintains in each of the two local children's hospitals.

The Eliot Society held its annual meeting on the 19th, and elected Mrs. C. H. Kinn president. At that meeting resolutions of respect to the memory of the ex-president of the society, Mrs. Ellen M. McKeighan, were adopted. The sewing meeting decided to hold extra meetings, which will be devoted to the preparation of a box for the Montana School.

The Sewing School closed a short but successful season on the 15th.

Syracuse, N.Y.—Rev. S. R. Calthrop was absent from home the first half of April, preaching and lecturing at Ann Arbor and doing other missionary work in Michigan, his pulpit having been occupied during his absence by Rev. J. T. Sunderland. The night school for newsboys and bootblacks which the Unitarian church has carried on for the past two winters has just closed for the summer. Its success has been very gratifying, and it will resume its work in the fall with enlarged plans.

Tokyo, Japan.—The Japan *Daily Mail* of March 21 contains in full a lecture by Rev. Clay MacCauley of the Unitarian Mission, on "The Dreamers among North American Indians, as Illustrative of the Origin of Forms of Religion."

Ware, Mass.—A recent sermon of our pastor, Rev. V. E. Southworth, from the text, "I said in my haste, All men are liars," proved so stirring and helpful in its delivery before our society here that it has been printed for general circulation.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

OUR portrait this month is of Rev. Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, recently deceased. The articles bearing on the life and character of the Doctor, in late issues of the *Unitarian* and *Christian Register*, make extended notice here unnecessary. Our readers will at once agree that the portrait — especially prepared for this Department — is the best representation of its subject that has yet appeared.

A. P. Peabody.

THE INQUIRIES which come continually to the office of the *Unitarian*, from those who desire Liberal literature that they may know what the Free Church offers as the Living Word of To-day, would, if published, reveal emphatically to our people that they can do no better work than assist in the circulation of our books and tracts, and of our periodicals. Whenever even the *possible* occasion comes, or can be made, we should have sufficient of the "missionary" and "propagandist" spirit to hand at once, or send, the book or paper or leaflet. Our Word is what thousands are hungering for yet have no conception of.

The Way of Life.

By George S. Merriam, author of "A Living Faith."

This is not a book of criticism, but a book of *living*. Its whole purpose is the subliming of life. And it is truthfully named, "the Way of Life."

As we take the book up to write these words concerning it, it falls open at page 69,—the chapter "Up and Enter,"—sample paragraphs of its whole style, through more than 200 pages:

Leave others to discuss the theory, do you take the thing.

Understand first what I mean by getting life's reality, even while you have not a full understanding of it. It is like this: Here is a man in some despotic country, under bad laws, wretchedly paid for his labor, his children growing up poor and ignorant, his sons liable to be conscripted into the army. He hears something about America. Some one tells him about its discovery by the adventurous voyager, Columbus. He hears accounts of the freedom and prosperity of its people. The whole matter is full of things he cannot understand; whether

the voyage of Columbus be a history or a fable he is quite unfit to judge; the very idea of a "self-governing" people is a mystery to him. If he stays at home till these things become clear and certain to him, he will stay there till he dies. But he may save his money till he can pay his passage to America, and actually go there with his family. Getting there, he can earn the higher wages, his children can go to the free schools, his sons undergo no military service, he finds himself soon made a voter and picking up some knowledge of public affairs, he and his are in full realization of the privileges of American citizenship. He does not know much about Columbus, he could give only bungling answers to questions about the history of the country and the philosophy of its institutions, but *he is an American*. . . .

Whenever a man comes under the inspiration of fidelity and love and trust, there the kingdom of God is planted in a soul. As the inspiration spreads from one to another, and men ally and associate themselves under its influence, there the kingdom of God is set up in society. Its progress is slow, no infallible guidance is given to it, the mistakes and shortcomings of its members delay it; but it exists, it grows from age to age, its present tokens are just as visible to seeing eyes as are the tokens of an American life and society, . . . its sign, the spirit and disposition whereby we become faithful, serviceable, humble, reverent, hopeful, open-eyed, and open-hearted.

See, then, how simple a thing it is to enter the kingdom of God! As simple as for a foreigner to come to America. There is no more need to clear up all your doubts about Jesus than for the immigrant to make sure about the story of Columbus. . . . You need no more wait to understand the mysteries of God's existence and administration than the foreigner need wait to understand the growth of American institutions and their philosophy. Up, and take your birthright!

The chapter then goes on to further reveal how,—as it is the purpose of all the other chapters to do. The various topics are these:

I. Introduction: The Character of Jesus; II. Up and Enter; III. The Unfailing Resource; IV. Knowledge of God; V. The Friendliness of Law; VI. The Fullness of Life; VII. Immortality; VIII. Our Father's House; IX. The Personal Revelation.

We add a few press-notices of the volume:

Mr. Merriam has written one of the most helpful books that the new and reverent liberalism of the day has inspired. It will be gratefully received and should be widely read. The healthful spirit preserves the living faith undimmed, not spent in mere exultation and sentimental ardor, but given to the care and pressure of daily life. The counsel and help is presented, too, in a singularly graceful and finished literary style. It is clear and fine, unmarred by effort, and rises at times into poetic beauty.—*Springfield Republican.*

A volume by one of the clear-headed apostles of progress and religion. It will tend to thoughtfulness and reverence.—*Spectator.*

The temper and style of the book are of the best. It is pure, candid, devout, and suggestive.—*Independent.*

It is a most refreshing book to take up in these days of agnostic honesty and material hopelessness. We have in this book some of the best fruits of reverent radicalism.—*Unity* (*Chicago*).

[*Cloth, 205 pages, $1.00.*]

In Spirit and in Truth.

Essays by Younger Ministers of the Unitarian Church.

In a brief notice of this book, in this Department for March, a few quotations from the work were promised later, with excerpts from press-notices. A sentence or two from Mr. De Normandie's word in the book, in the way of Introduction to the Essays, may well be given place first:

This little volume represents a constructive tendency among the younger ministers of the Unitarian Church. All the differences which disturbed the councils of the Free Church a quarter of a century ago are lost in an earnest and united effort to discover the best way by which the religious needs of the present generation can be met.

The theological and doctrinal battle has been fought. The great purpose of society to-day is to call forth every effort for that union which is to encourage moral growth, to fix the mind and heart upon present evils rather than future salvation, and to interpret Christianity as a religion which is to concern itself chiefly about the regeneration of humanity by personal righteousness. It represents a tendency away from negations and criticisms to a religion of positive assertions, to the life of the Spirit.

This "changed atmosphere" permits the Liberal Church now to proceed to more positive and devout expression. It makes this present volume possible, and, more than that, will "permit the liberal minds of all sects to accept, as unreservedly as they surely will," the conclusions of many of the essays here gathered.

A very thoughtful volume.—*Boston Traveller.*

Inclusive in sympathy, largely progressive in tendency, and conveying a message to many conditions of men.—*Boston Times.*

Of course the Unitarian point of view is assumed throughout, but there is much which others than Unitarians can indorse.—*Congregationalist* (Boston).

Old differences are lost in an earnest endeavor to discover the best way by which the great religious needs of the present generation can be met.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

The essays are all very significant, and have a common ground in the fact of earnest thought and constructive purpose, though the views presented are quite contrasted in some respects, and represent a large variety of outlook. It is a very creditable volume in every way.—*Every Other Sunday.*

Earnest and helpful. Stimulating to thought and a better life.—*Morning Star.*

There is the breadth of life and interest through them all, and the volume stands as a concise summing up, in popular form, of modern Unitarian belief on the subjects of God and man, the Bible, revelation; and, at the last, not exactly in unison with the rest, a statement of the Christ, and a treatment of the liturgy as a portion of Unitarian worship.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

The essays are scholarly, and representative of the best religious thought of a body who recognize in Jesus that union of the human and divine in which all God's children are participators, and who regard the Bible as a literature revealing human life, and not as a collection of proof-texts for theological propositions.—*Literary Digest.*

[*Cloth, 163 pages,* $*1.00.*]

Social Equilibrium,

And other Problems Ethical and Religious. By George Batchelor.

The capacity for broad sight, the calmness of the judicial mind, the earnestness of the prophet, the sympathy of the humanitarian, ought certainly, when combined, to produce something of value in the way of the solution of tangled problems, whether social or religious. In this book we find manifested this broad sight, this calmness, this earnestness, and this sympathy, and in their product we are not disappointed, but inspired and helped.

The essays in the volume, says the *Preface*, "present in various aspects the one question, How shall the modern man so adapt himself to the new conditions of his life as to keep the faith, hope, and charity of the older time, while he yields himself to the revelations of science and enthusiasms of progress?"

There is, in the Social essays, "an attempt to look calmly at the *deeper causes* of unrest and disturbance,"—not so much "on the surface" as many of the current "burning questions" lie. "The first thing society needs is a comprehension of *the causes* of the evils which afflict it."

In the Ethical and Religious essays, the general doctrine of evolution being taken for granted (all the "ethical conclusions" of its advocates, however, not being accepted), "various aspects of freedom and duty are discussed, in the confident belief that the old order may change into the new without shock of revolution." Through affirmation and agreement and the discouragement of needless controversy about non-essentials, "the world of intelligent men and women is preparing for a new union, such as was never possible until now."

The treatment of all the topics is unique; the style is luminous, attractive, straightforward. The thought commends itself on every page. The book is a real contribution to the great modern task of Untanglings.

The Social essays are these:

Social Equilibrium; The Revolt of the Majority; The Future of the Minority.

Some of the Ethical and Religious topics are as follows:

Religion its own Evidence; Righteousness its own Law; Free Thought; Heredity and Education; Heredity and Tradition in Morals; Ethics and Happiness; The Natural Meaning of the Word "Ought"; The Natural History of the Moral Ideal and the Law of Progress; Is it Religion vs. Righteousness?

To show something of the appreciation of the book by the thoughtful public we append a few extracts from press-notices:

A calm, thoughtful and comprehensive consideration of vital questions.—*Age of Steel.*

Bold and manly, . . . terse, comprehensive and logical, . . . a complete review of the deeper social and moral questions of the present day.—*New England News.*

This thoughtful and in many respects remarkable book certainly merits a wide audience. The originality of thought—the quality of thought—lifts it far above many if not most of the books published on the important subjects of which it treats. An interesting, stimulating, intellectual delight is this. We commend it most heartily.—*Buffalo Times.*

Too much in the way of "commendation" cannot be said of the book. It will disappoint no thoughtful reader, but be a revelation and an inspiration.

[*Fifteen Essays, cloth, 286 pages,* $*1.50.*]

Afterglow.

By Frederic A. Hinckley.

There are few who, reading it, will not be strongly attracted to this little book. It is written out of life—out of the struggling, perplexing, troublous, hopeful, aspiring life we all know and dread and delight in. And *grow* in. And this is how the book is to help us.

"Full of thought, feeling and experience," says the Boston *Times*, of the little volume. "A strongly suggestive little book," says the Boston *Traveller*. "Earnest, devout, and thoughtful,"

remarks the *Congregationalist* (Boston). "The entire contents of the little volume are uplifting," comments the Boston Sunday *Gazette;* and especially is the first in the series of papers, it remarks ["Voices out of the Silence"], "full of consolation for any who are suffering from a great bereavement." "Leads us to recognize more of our affectional and spiritual likeness," remarks the *New Church Messenger* (New York). "Gracefully written, suggestive of deep experiences, and full of beauty as expressions of the spiritual life," writes the *Universalist;* "such sermons reach not only the understanding, but cultivate the spirit. In Arnold's phrase, they are 'aiders and abettors of all who would live in the spirit.' "

Concerning the book the Boston *Pilot* (Roman Catholic) is unusually gracious:

Mr. Hinckley's four sermons are worthy of examination by any one curious in such matters, inasmuch as they speak the very highest word of the contemporary New England mind outside of the Church. It is beautiful to see how those who have never yet beheld the perfections of Christianity are yet sustained in the lofty system of morals which it brought into the world, and are not condemned, because of their lack of knowledge, to live in utter darkness. That the light may one day be revealed to them, and that its full glory may shine upon them, will be the prayer of every Catholic who reads this little book, so noble in what it contains.

We may add a word or two from *Unity* (Chicago): "The line between prose and poetry is growing less clear and distinct with the growth of the poetic sense. 'Afterglow' is a little book printed in prose, but we cannot see where much of it falls short of being high poetry; four beautiful discourses, born out of the deep places of the author's soul, and tending to such places in other souls. 'Voices out of the Silence' is the utterance of one speaking while overshadowed. The 'Spiritual Awakening' is the best internal study of Browning's 'Saul' that we know of; and the last discourse, 'The Star! the Star!' is a *universal* interpretation of the picture of the Magi in 'Ben-Hur.' "

[*Cloth, 81 pages, 50 cents.*]

Jesus Brought Back.

A Study, by Joseph Henry Crooker, Author of "Problems in American Society."

A new edition of this book, in connection with the announcement of a fresh work by the same author ["The New Bible and Its New Uses": Geo. H. Ellis, Publisher, price $1.00], brings its value again into prominence. Within the compass of its 214 handsome, large-typed pages it treats, in an adequate and interesting way, the following topics:

The Messianic Hope; How the Gospels were written; Jesus of Nazareth; The Glad Tidings; The Ministry of Jesus To-day.

From the brief Introduction we gather this statement of the general scope and earnest purpose of the volume:

Its aim is to give intelligent and earnest inquirers, who have no time for extended research, some of the most important results of recent scholarship upon this topic and other related subjects, together with certain observations bearing upon the religious life, suggested by these discoveries. While it has been prepared for the purpose of helping on that intellectual reconstruction of religion which is fast sweeping aside so many notions long held respecting the origin and nature of Christianity, yet the chief object has been to set forth an interpretation of the character and teaching of Jesus which will make him more attractive, and his gospel more powerful in human lives.

However strangely the mediæval scholastic may have misrepresented Jesus, and however unwisely the iconoclast may scoff at this sacred name so rich in religious associations, yet we cannot afford to ignore Jesus of Nazareth. And an age which asks justice for Mohammed and pays loving tribute to Buddha cannot with reason be indifferent to Jesus.

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